

2

Poems, &c.

Written upon several

OCCASIONS,

And to several

PERSONS:

BY

EDMOND WALLER, Esq;

The fourth Edition, with several Additions,
Never before Printed.

Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato littera Mistā ioco est.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the *Anchor*
in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1682.



Sed Carmina major imago. Ovid.

3

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EDMOND W. ALLEN

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Put on shelf for Divine Poems (at end)

The Printer TO THE READER



Then the Author of these Verses
(Written only to please himself,
and such particular persons to
whom they were directed) return-
ed from abroad some years since,
He was troubled to find his name
in print; but somewhat satisfied
to see his lines so ill rendred, that he might justly
disown them; and say to a mistaking Printer, as one
did to an ill Reciter; — Male dum recitas,
incipit esse tuum. Having been ever since pressed to
correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in
Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer
was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour
and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the
severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by
those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung
upon his Book as the Turks hang old rags (or such like
ugly things) upon their fairest Horses and other goodly
Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for

The Printer

those of a more Confin'd understanding (who pretend not to Censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a Title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, That the aim, of Orators, is victory; of Historians Truth; and of Poets Admiration; He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones, and clipt and washt Money go about when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publick, so might it find excuse from his Youth (the season it was produced in) And for what had been done since and now added, if it commend not his Poetry it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a Calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, and in banishment the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman

Quem demisere Philippi
Decisus humilem pennis inopemque Paterni
Et Laris, et fundi. —————

Whose

to the Reader.

*Whose spreading wings the Civil war had clipt,
And him of his old Patrimony stript.*

Who yet not long after could say.

Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus

Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum

Portare ventis. — —

*They that acquainted with the Muses be
Send care and sorrow by the winds, to Sea.*

*Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd
with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity,
He has at last given us leave, To assure the Reader.
That the Poems which have been so long and so ill set
forth under his name, are here to be found as he first
writ them; as also to add some others which have
since been composed by him. And though his advice to
the contrary might have discouraged us, yet observing
how often they have been reprinted, what price they have
born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired
after, but especially of late making good that of Horace,
— Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit; Some
Verses being (like some Wines) recommended to our
Taste by Time and Age, we have ventured upon this
new and well corrected Edition, which for our own
sakes, as well as thine we, hope will succeed better than
be apprehended.*

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

A 3

Postscript.

THE

Postscript.

NOt having the same argument as at first to persuade the Author that I might print his Verses more correctly, which he found so ill done at his return; I have now adventured, without giving him farther trouble by importuning him for a new permission, to collect all that I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or such as have bin since made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, because the first (tho' most of them were compos'd above fifty years since) seem still new, which would be more strange in so changing a Language, had it not bin by him improv'd, which may make one think it true that I have heard from some learned Criticks, that *Virgil* when he said — *Nova carmina pango*. Meant not verses that were never seen before (for in that sence all at first are new) but such as he thought might be ever new. May these still appear to be so for the diversion of the Readers, and interest of

Their Humble Servant.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Sed Cormina major imago



**TO THE
K I N G
On His NAVY.**

WHeree're thy Navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and Peace to all she brings;
The French and Spainard when thy Flags appear
Forget their Hatred, and consent to Fear.
So *Jove* from *Ida* did both hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped;
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed;
Thou on the deep imposest Nobler Laws,
And by that Justice hast remov'd the Cause

Of those rude Tempests which for rapine sent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.

Now shall the Ocean as thy *Thames* be free
From both those fates of Storms and Piracy :
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged Troops, or Pegasean Horse :
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil

Another Nation as to tuch our soil :
Should Natures self invade the world again,
And o're the Center spread the liquid Main,
Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command ;
Thy dreadful Fleet would stile thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o're the drowned ball.
Those Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might goe
And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

The Worlds Restorer never could endure
That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,

Whose

upon several occasions.

3

Whose Pride design'd that fabrick to have stood
Above the reach of any second Flood:
To thee his Chosen more indulgent, he
Dares trust such Power with so much Piety.

*Of the danger His Majesty (being Prince)
escaped in the Road at Saint Andrews.*

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reacht the sphere of his own power, the
(main,
With British bounty in his Ship he feasts,
Th'Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests;
To find that watry WilderNESS exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healts to both Kings attended with the rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th'affrighted thoar,
With loud resemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the seed of Cloud compelling *Jove*;

While to his Harp Divine *Arion* sings
The Loves and Conquests of our *Albion* Kings,
Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble song,
Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young.
He rent the Crown from vanquisht *Henries* head,
Rais'd the white Rose and trampled on the Red;
Till Love triumphing o're the Victors pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd side;
Neglected *Warwick* (whose bold hand like fate,
Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his Master, and with double shame
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady *Bona*, whome just anger burns,
And Forein War with Civil Rage returns:
Ah spare your Sword, where Beauty is too blame,
Love giveth' Affront, and must repair the same: (eyes
When *France* shall boast of her, whose conquering
Have made the best of *English* hearts their prize;

Have

Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the Counsels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of Seas ensuing rage,
Which must anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted Oars the Youths begin to sweep
Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden War
Between the Wind and Tide that fiercely jar ;
As when a sort of lusty Shepherds try
Their force at Foot-ball, care of victory

Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
 That their encounters seem too rough for jest;
 They ply their feet, and still the restless ball
 Toft too and fro is urged by them all:
 So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds,
 And like effect of their contention finds;
 Yet the bold Britains still securely row'd,

Charles and his Virtue was their sacred load;
 Than which a greater pledge heaven could not give
 That the good boat this Tempest should outlive:
 But storms encrease, and now no hope of grace
 Among them shines, save in the Princes face,
 The rest resign their courage, skill and fight
 To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.

The gentle Vessel, wont with state and pride
 On the smooth back of silver *Thames* to ride,
 Wanders Astonish'd in the angry main,
 As *Titans* Car did, while the golden rein

Fill'd

upon several occasions.

78

Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous son
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire;

Th'impatient sea grows impotent and raves
That (night assisting) his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruine, those our safety bring.
Th'oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the Pleasures of their Court before.
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of death affright;

Next to the power of making Tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

Great *Mars* could no greater Tempest feign
When the loud Winds usurping on the Main,
For angry *Juno* labour'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*,
His bold *Aeneas*, on like Billows tost,
In a tall Ship and all his Country lost,
Dissolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd.
In Honourable fight, our *Hero* set
In a small shallop fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flourish'd, wore,
His Loyns yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues Fear; if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis Loves untasted joys,

upon several occasions.

9

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in France,
Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than she
That sprung out of his present foe, the Sea;
That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The Conquered Ocean could not make expire,
Nor angry *Thetis*, raise her waves above
Th' Heroick Prince's Courage, or his Love.

'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The shrine should perish where that Image dwelt.

Ah Love forbid, the Noblest of thy Train
Should not survive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court,
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They Roses seem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide.

She

She the glad morning which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so;
Like bright *Aurora*, whose refulgent Ray
Foretells the fervor of ensuing day,
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leaife shadows from the threatned heat.

From *Cupid's* strings of many shafts that fled
wing'd with those plumes which noble fame had shed
As through the wondring world she flew and told
Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But love's first summons seldom are obey'd.
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of *Jason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

And

upon several occasions.

11

And now the views, as on the wall it hung
What old *Museus* so Divinely sung;
Which Art with life and love did so inspire
That she discerns, and favours that desire,
which there provokes th'advent'rous youth to swim
And in *Leanders* danger pities him.

Whose not new love alone, but fortune seeks
To frame his story like the amorous Greeks.

For from the stern of some good Ship appears
A friendly light which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o're the waves that Taper make;
On which the hope of all their Lives depends,
As his on that fair *Hero's* hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed Rock
Breaks the proud Billow which her large sides knock
Whose rage restrained foaming higher swells,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels;

Threat-

Threatning to make her forced out again,

Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be moved for our sister States:

For *England* is the third successful throw,

And then the Genius of that Land they know:

Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)

Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies:

Well sung the *Roman* Bard, all human things
Of dearest value, hang on slender strings.

O see the then sole hope, and in design

Of Heaven our joy supported by a line:

Which for that instant was Heaven's care above

The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;

On which the fabrick of our World depends,

One Link dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

*Of His Majestie's receiving the News of
the Duke of Buckingham's Death.*

SO earnest with thy God, can no new care,
No sense of danger interrupt thy Prayer;
The sacred Wrestler till a falling given
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heavens;
Nor was the stream of thy Devotion stopp'd,
When from the Body such a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim,
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold *Homer* durst not so great Virtue feign
In his best pattern, of *Patroclus* slain,
With such amazement as weak Mothers use,
And frantick gesture he receives the news:
Yet fell his Darling by th'impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal *Hectors* Lance;

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.
The famous Painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Princes face;
Yet that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a president as this
Made the old heathen frame their gods amis.
Their *Phæbus* should not act a fonder part
For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his own (known.
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
He that with thine shall weigh good *David's* deeds,
Shall find his Passion, not his Love exceeds;
He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd
But let false *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
Where thy immortal Love to thy best Friends,
Like that of Heaven upon their Seed descends:

Such

upon several occasions.

15

Such huge extreams inhabit thy great mind,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like Woman kind,
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* His Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How some bright Dame comprest by mighty *Jove*
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

*To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of
Her Majesties Picture.*

WELL fare the hand which to our humble sight
Presents that Beauty which the dazzling
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes; (Light
And all access (save by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive;
The gracious Image seeming to give leave

Pro-

Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted

Mighty Queen,

In whom th'extreams of Power and Beauty move,
The Queen of *Britain* and the Queen of Love.

As the bright Sun (to which we owe no-light)

Of equal Glory to your Beauties light,

Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat

T'extend his light, and moderate his heat :

So happy 'tis you move in such a sphear

As your High Majesty with awful fear,

In humane Breasts might qualifie that Fire

Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher,

Than when the scorched World like hazard run

By the approach of the ill guided Sun.

No other Nymphs have Tule to mens hearts,

But as their Meanness larger hope imparts:

You

Your beauty more the fondest Lover moves
With admiration than his private loves ;
With admiration, for a pitch so high
(Save sacred *Charles* his) never love dust fly.
Heaven that prefer'd a Scepter to your hand
Favour'd our freedom, more than your command,
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole worlds mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been Rival's ; and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals loves empire, both in heaven and earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own :
Witness our *Jove* prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame,
When (like a Lion) finding in his way
To some intended spoil a fairer prey.

The Royal youth pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallique Court :
There publique care with private passion fought
A doubtful combate in his noble thought.
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their graces shroud,
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-shine them all,
Or on his journey o're the mountains ride ;
So when the fair *Leucothee* he espy'd
To check his steeds, impatient *Phœbus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosome so
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes

upon several occasions.

69

Of men, in any mortal breast did burn,
Nor shall till Piety and they return.

Upon His Majesties repairing of
Pauls.

That shipwrackt vessel which the Apostle bore
Scarce suffer'd more upon *Melita's* shore,
Than did his Temple in the sea of Time;
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations Crime)
When the first Monarch of this happy Isle
Mov'd with the ruine of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun
To be accomplish'd by his glorious Son;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought
He like *Amphion* makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:

For in his art of Regiments is found
A power like that of Harmony in sound. (Kings

Those antique Minstrels sure were *Charls*-like
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects hearts their Strings;
On which with so divine a hand they strook
Consent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface
Those State-obscur'ing shed, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
As once the Viper from his sacred hand:
So joyes the aged Oak when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would effect the same
Of some new structure, to have born her name,
Two distant Virtues in one act we find
The Modesty, and Greatness of his mind;

Which

Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher clime,
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce, an earnest of his grand design
To frame no new Church, but the Old refine,
Which Spouse-like may with comly grace command
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtfull reason few can apprehend,
And War brings ruine, where it should amend :
But beauty with a bloodless conquest finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Nor ought which *Shebas* wondring Queen beheld
Amongst the works of *Solomon* excell'd
His ships and building, emblems of a heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art :
While the propitious heavens this work attend,
Long wanted showers they forget to send ;

As if they ment to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How privat bounty could so far extend;
The King built all, but *Charls* the Western end!
So proud a fabrick to devotion given,
At once it threatneth and obligeth heaven.

Leomedon that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise, *Troy* wall'd so high,
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To see such power employ'd in peaceful things.
They list not urge it to the dreadful field,
The task is easier to destroy than build.

— *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieris tentata modis. Horat.

upon several occasions.

23

The Country to my Lady of Carlile.

Madam,

OF all the sacred Muse inspir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply;
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admir'd,
And Natures self in those that could not lye.

Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
And warms us, Shining through the Thickest shades.

Nor ought the Tribute which the wondring Court
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer and consent to that report

Which Eccho-like the Country do's return:
Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs
Present th' impartial Images of things.

A Rural Judge dispos'd of Beauties prize,

A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to Jove,

C 4

Down

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
 Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
 To plead for that which was so justly given
 To the bright *Carlile* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlile a Name which all our words are taught,
 Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;
Carlile a Name which on the Bark is wrought
 Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound,
 From *Phæbus* rage, our Shadows, and our Streams,
 May guard us better than from *Carliles* beams.

The Countess of Carlile in Mourning.

W^{(clear,}hen from black Clouds no part of Sky is
 But just so much as lets the Sun appear
 Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
 Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A spark of Virtue by the deepest shade
Of Sad adversity is Fairer made ;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get
A *Venus* rising from a sea of jet.
Such was th' appearance of new formed Light
While yet it struggled with Eternal night :
Then mourn no more lest thou admit encrease
Of glory by thy noble Lords decease.
We find not that the the Laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for *Anchises* ; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed ;
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief : as well
Bright *Phoebus* might affect in shades do dwell,
As they to put on sorrow ; nothing stands
But power to grieve, exempt from thy command ;

If

If thou lament, thou must do so alone,
Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*,
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs
War he prevented, or soon made it cease, (wrung.
Instructing Princes in the arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrews famous Court.
Had *Homer* sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendious feasts,
With greater bounty, and more sacred state
The banquet of the gods to celebrate.
But O! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms that could so soon infuse
His absent masters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camilla* o're the Waves to run
Into his arms, while the *Parisian Dames*
Mourn for their Ravish't glory, at their flames
No less amaz'd, than the amazed starrs,
When the bold Charmer of *Thessalian Wars*
With heaven it self, and numbers does repeat,
Which call descending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

*In answer to One who Writ against a
fair Lady*

WHat fury has provok't thy Wit to dare
With *Diomedes*, to wound the Queen of
Thy Mistress's Envy, or thine own Despair? (Love,
Not the just *Pallas* in thy breast did move
So blind a Rage with such a different fate,
He Honour won, where thou hast purchast Hate.

She

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
 Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love,
 Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe,
 While after her the Gazing world does move.

Canst thou not be content to Love alone,
 Or is thy Mistress not content with one?
 Hast thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* shield,
 Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
 Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful Field?
 So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.

Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book,
 All were confuted with one Radiant look:
 Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
 Rewarding *Phæbus*, for inspiring so
 His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes
 His joyful beams, but *Phæbus* is thy foe,
 And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
 So ill thou Rim'st against so fair a Light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys Picture.

SUCH was *Philoclea*, such *Mucidornus* flame ;
The matchless *Sidney* that immortal frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac't ;
Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't
With such extremes of Excellence compose,
Wonders so distant in one Face disclose :
Such Cheerful modesty, such Humble state,
Moves Certain love, but with as Doubtful fate.
As when beyond our Greedy reach we see,
Inviting fruit on too sublime a Tree.
All the rich Flowers through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound.
Had but this Copy, which the Artist took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book,

Stood

Stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jarr'd,
 And Rivalls made, th' ensuing story marr'd ;
 Just nature first instructed by his thought,
 In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.
 This glorious piece Transcends what he could think,
 So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike

R Are *Artisan*, whose Pensil moves
 Not our Delights alone, but Loves ;
 From thy Shop of Beauty, we
 Slaves return that enter'd free,
 The heedless Lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so :
 But confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his Heart :

Another

upon several occasions.

31

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace :
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of Despair
From the reviving brand of care :
Fool that forgets her stubborn look,
This softness from thy finger took :
Strange that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire :
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face :
May'st thou yet thy self as well,
As all the world besides excel ;
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it Live in Verse)

Why

Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this,
For who would not repeat that bliss,
And frequent sight of such a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still?
When natures self so often errs,
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the Race of Women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the Earth:
Which waxed old e're it could see
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.

But

upon several occasions.

33

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal Colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose
In Lillies, or the fading Rose?
No, for this Theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases.

N O wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies,
To bath himself in *Sacharissa's* eyes,
As fair *Astrea* once from Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven:
So with our Complaints offended, and our Tears
Wife *Somnus* to that Paradise repairs,
Waits on her Will, and wretches do's forsake
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches wake:

D

More

More proud than *Phœbus* of his Throne of Gold
 Is the soft God, those softer Limbs to hold;
 Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
 In darkning Clouds, the power to close her eyes:
 Eyes which so far all other Lights controul,
 They warm our Mortal parts, but these our Soul.
 Let her free Spirit whose unconquer'd Breast
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
 Know, that though *Venus* and her Son should spare
 Her Rebel heart, and never teach her Care,
 Yet *Hymen* may in force her vigils keep,
 And for anothers Joy, suspend her Sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being Painted.

As when a sort of Wolves infest the night
 With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia's* light,

The

The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Mistress of the Skies:
So with the news of *Saeharissa's* wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues,
Call Love to witness that no painted Fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire,
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new Malice than our Loves before,
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without Smile or Frown,
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth so,
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like Glorious Colours through the Flowry Meads,
When lavish Nature with her best Attire
Clothes the gay Spring, the season of desire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn
With the same Art wherewith she paints the Morn.

With the same Art wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted Clouds which from *Thaumantias* bow.

Of her passing through a crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks, together crush'd &
The Sun his light no further could extend (bruish'd
Than the next hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sacharissa* far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral:
A greater Favour this Disorder brought
Unto her Servants than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast,
While Love insults disguised in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Croud.

So th' amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm
 Just distance keeps from his desired Palm :
 But when the Wind her ravisht Branches throws
 Into his Arms, and mingles all their Bows,
 Though loath he seems her tender Leaves to press,
 More loath he is that friendly storm should cease,
 From whose rude Bounty, he the double use
 At one receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

The story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.

T *Hirsis* a youth of the inspired Train,
 Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
 Like *Phæbus* sung the no less amorous boy,
 Like *Daphne* she as lovely and as Coy :
 With numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,
 With numbers such as *Phæbus* self might use,
 Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
 O're craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads,

Invok'd to testifie the Lovers care,
 Or form some Image of his cruel fair:
 Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
 O're these he fled, and now approaching near,
 Had reacht the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay;
 Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:

All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his Song,

Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arm with Bays.

Fabula Phæbi & Daphnis.

A *Rcadie juvenis Thirsus, Phæbique sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore
 Haud Dens ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:*

*Carminibus Phæbo dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua. formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem insana mente solebat:
 Audiit illa procul miserum, Citheramque sonantem,
 Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis;
 Ne tamen omnino caneret, desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus olim
 Elapsa reperit Daphni sua laurea Phæbus:*

Of Mrs Arden.

BEhold, and listen, while the fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
 And with her own breath fans the Fire
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire,
 What reason can that Love controul,
 Which more than one way courts the soul

So when a flash of Lightning falls
 On our Abodes, the danger calls
 For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
 To conquer, though from Heaven it came;
 But if the Winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the Fire:

To Amorett.

FAir, that you may truly know
 What you unto *Thirsis* owe,
 I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you,
 Joy salutes me when I set
 My blest eyes on Amorett:
 But with wonder I am strook
 When I on the other look,

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for *Sacharissa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die:

All that of my self is mine
Lovely Amoret is thine;
Sacharissa captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,

And those scorching Beams to shun
To thy gentle shadow run:
If the soul had free Election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty *Sacharissa's* scorn;
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controul ours Will in Love.

If

If not Love, a strong desire
 To create and spread that Fire
 In my Breast, solicites me
 Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement, more than Love
 Which her radiant eyes do move;
 If less splendor wait on thine,
 Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazelled sight
 To behold their milder light:
 But as hard 'tis to destroy
 That high Flame, as to enjoy;
 Which, how easily I may do
 Heaven (as easily scald) does know.
Amoret, as sweet and good
 As the most delicious Food,

Which

Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart,
Sacharissa's beauties Wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
That Devotion which I use
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send:
So that if it could take end
'T would to Heaven it self be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not so fierce a Flame
Is longer like to be the same.

Than

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than Love.

On the head of a Stag.

SO we some antick *Hero's* strength
Learn by his Launces weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dress;
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did pursue.
What Huntsman of our feeble Race,
Or Dogs dare such a Monster chase?
Resembling with each blow he strikes
The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so heard, so hugh a thing;

Which

Which might it never have been cast,
Each years growth added to the last,
These lofty Branches had supply'd
The Earths bold Sons, prodigious Pride;
Heaven with these Engines had been scal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in a Garden.

SEES not my Love how Time resumes
The Glory which he lent these Flowers;
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours,
Time what we forbear devours.

Had *Hellen* or th'Egyptian Queen,
Been nere so thrifty of their Graces,
Those Beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should

Should some malignant Planet bring
 A barren drought, or ceaseless Shower
 Upon the Autumn or the Spring,
 And spare us neither Fruit nor Flower,
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of Loves neglect
 Preserve you from the violation
 Of coming years, then more respect
 Were due to so Divine a fashion,
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Misers speech in a Masque.

BALLS of this Mettal slack'd Atlanta's pace
 And on the Amorous Youth bestow'd the Race!
Venus, the Nymphs mind measuring by her own,
 Whom the rich spoils of Cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to *Mars*, could well advise
 Th'adventurous Lover how to gain the prize :

Nor

Nor less may *Jupiter* to Gold ascribe,
For when he turn'd himself into a Bribe
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they with-stood not that Almighty shew'r?
Never till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
A Form more bright, and Nobler than his own;
Nor were it just would he resume that shape
That slack Devotion should his Thunder scape.
Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo's* wrong
Those Asses ears on *Mida's* Temples hung,
But fond Repentance of his happy wish,
Because his Meat grew Mettal like his Dish.

Would *Bacchus* bless me so, I'de constant hold
Unto my wish, and dye Creating Gold.

On

On the friendship betwixt two Ladies.

TELL me Lovely loving Pair,
Why so kind, and so severe?

Why so careless of our care,
Only to your selves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul,
While the Boys deluded Darts,
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either Breast
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a forreign Guest,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,

Tha

That they may the Law decline,
To some friend make all away,

Not the silver Doves that flie,
Yoakt in *Citharea's* Car
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her Son so far,
Are so Lovely, Sweet, and Fair,
Or do more ennoble Love,
Are so choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

Of her Chamber.

They taste of death that do at Heaven arrive,
But wth this Paradise approach alive,
Instead of Death the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike :

E

The

The high in Titles, and the Shepherd here
Forgets his Greatness, and forgets his Fear :

All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Lose thought of what themselves, or others are ;
Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save *Carlisses* favour to imploy their hope.

The *Thracian* could (though all those tales were true
The bold *Greeks* tell) no greater wonders do ;
Before his feet, so Sheep and Lions lay
Fearless and wrathless, while they heard him play ;
The Gay, the Wise, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all, but one passion have :

No worthy mind but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his :
Whilst she with cheerful but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus*, so divides her light,
And warms us, that, she stoops not from her height.

Of loving at first sight.

NOt caring to observe the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch from my self, how far behind,
Already I behold the shoar.

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 'tis so Rockless and so Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all, with pretious things not torn
From shipwrackt vessels, but there born.
Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other Nymph with Colours faint,
 And pensil flow may *Cupid* paint,
 And a weak heart in time destroy;
 She has a stamp, and prints the Boy,
 Can with a single look inflame
 The coldest Breast, the rudest tame.

The Self banished.

IT is not that I love you less
 Than when before your feet I lay:
 But to prevent the sad encrease
 Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which *Phæbus* through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banisht servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too.

S O N G.

GO lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me

E 3

That

That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd,

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee

upon several occasions.

55

How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Thirsis, Galatea.

Th. **A**S lately I on Silver *Thames* did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I spy'd:

Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine
And thus she grac'd me with a voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your sounding strings so
Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell, (well
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The justest grief that ever toucht the Court.

Th. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no share,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you:

E 4

Gal.

Gal. Hear then, and let your song augment our
Which is so great, as not to wish relief: (grief, Ar
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance, So
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance, Or
To all the joys this Island could afford He
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord: At
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble blood,
And in high Grace with *Gloraina* stood, W
Her Bounty, Sweetness, Beauty, Goodness such, W
That none e're thought her happiness too much: Is
So well inclin'd her favours to confer, B
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her, S
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife, V
So well she acted in this span of life, A
That though few years (too few alas) she told, M
She seem'd in all things but in Beauty old. T
As unripe Fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave V
Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave C

The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until Autumn, on the Bough should grow,
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc't;
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat divorc't.
Her fate at once did hasty seem and flow,
At once too cruel and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born;
Whom now we envy we anon must mourn:
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondring eyes:
But since the Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a Thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name,
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,
The listning Trees and savage Mountains groan:
What Rocks not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

Gal.

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Islands.

Cant. I.

*What Fruites they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon those late discovered Isles.*

AId me *Bellona* while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing, advent'rous toyl,
And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know
That happy Island where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th' *Hesperian* Garden boasts of none so fair?
Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound
On the rich Shore, of *Amber-greece* is found:

The lofty Cedar which to Heaven aspires,
 The Prince of Trees is fuel for their Fires:
 The smoak by which their loaded spits do turn,
 For incense might, on Sacred Altars burn.
 Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born.
 Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn:
 The sweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yield
 With Leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
 Under the shadow of whose friendly Boughs
 They sit carowling, where their Liquor grows:
 Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
 Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* show,
 With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage the Mistress of so rich a soil:
 The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
 But at some constant seasons every year,
 Their barren tops with luscious Food abound,
 And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd:

Tobacco

Tobacco is the worst of things which they
 To *English* Land-lords as their Tribute pay :
 Such is the Mould that the Blest Tenant feeds
 On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds :
 { With candid Plantines, and the juicy Pine,
 { On choicest Melons and sweet Grapes they dine,
 { And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine :
 Nature these Cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our courser Land
 Tastes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
 Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn :
 For the kind Spring which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year :
 Ripe Fruits and blossoms on the same Trees live,
 At once they promise what at once they give,
 So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime,
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
 Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurs'd

To shew how all things were Created first.
 The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
 Reserve their Fruits for the next ages taste :
 There a small grain in some few Moneths will be
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree :
 The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,
 Now but a seed (preventing Natures law)
 In half the Circle of the hasty year
 Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear :
 And as their Trees in our dull Region set
 But faintly grow, and no perfection get ;
 So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarser Throats
 Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
 Where the supporter of the Poets style,
Phæbus on them eternally does smile.
 O how I long my careless Limbs to lay
 Under the Plantanes shade, and all the day
 With am'rous Airs my fancy entertain,

Invoke

Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein !
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions, Love :
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high
 With the sweet sound of *Sacharissa's* name,
 I'll make the listning Savages grow tame.

But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto I I.

*Of their alarm, and how their Foes
 Discovered were, this Canto shows.*

THough Rocks so high about this Island rise,
 That well they may the num'rous Turk despise
 Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear (he
 Which shakes their hearts, while through the Isle the

upon several occasions.

69

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As Thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know
From what blind cause th'unwonted sound may
At length Two Monsters of unequal size, (grow
Hard by the shoar a Fisher-man espies;
Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky Coast;
One as a Mountain vast, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame:
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murdered on the shore,
By the wild fury of some Tempest cast
The fate of ships and shipwrackt men to taste;
As careless Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:

So

So there sometimes the raging Ocean fails,
 And her own brood exposes, when the Whales
 Against sharp Rocks like reeling vessels quasht,
 Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces dasht;
 Along the shore their dreadful Limbs lie scatter'd,
 Like Hills with Earthquakes shaken, torn & shatter'd
 Hearts sure of Brästs they had, who tempted first
 Rude Seas that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.

The welcome news through all the Nations spread
 To sudden joy and hope converts their dread.
 What lately was their publique terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
 { Dispose already of th'untaken spoil,
 { And as the purchase of their future toil,
 { These share the Bones, and they divide the Oyl;
 So was the Huntsman by the Bear oppress'd,
 Whose Hide he sold before he caught the Beast.

upon several occasions.

650

They man their Boats and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the Monsters harm;
Pikes, Holberts, Spits and Darts that wound so far,
The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War :
Now was the time for vigorous lads to shew
What Love or Honour could invite them to,
A goodly Theater where Rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely Lasses crown'd :
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of Noble *Warwicks* share :
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no Title bears
A greater sound among our British Peers ;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The Fate and Honour to that Title due ;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing
But how they fought, and what their valour (Fame.
Shall in another Canto be contain'd. (gain'd,

F

Canto

Canto. III.

*The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the Fishes sack'd the Isle.*

THe Boat which on the first assault did go
Struck with a harping Iron the younger Foe;
Who when he felt his side so rudely goar'd;
Loud as the Sea that nourisht him he roar'd;
As a broad Bream to please some curious taste,
While yet alive in boyling water cast,
Vext with unwonted heat, boils, flings about
The scorching Brass, and hurls the Liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves:
Like *Spencer's Talus* with his iron flail,
He thereatens ruine with his pondrous Tail;

Dissolving

Diffolving at one stroke the battered Boat,
And down the Men fall drenched in the Moat :
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fair like men unhors'd.

The bigger Whale like some huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her foesto play ;
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she woo'd
Advance her tail, her Head salutes the Mudd,
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous swinge,
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumbred Mother and her Foes :
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And Men and Boats his active tail confounds.
Their Forces joyn'd, the Seas with Billows fill,
And make a Tempest though the Winds be still,

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this Cub away :
Their wish they have, he to direct his Dam
Unto the Gap through which they thither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
A pris'ner there, but for his Mothers sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Launces spent; one bolder than the rest
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish Beast;
Her oily side devours both blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold *Bermudian* left:
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake:
Bloud flows in Rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy Tide;

And

And raise the Floud to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To Heaven; that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her sides she wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears.
You would have thought had you the Monster seen
Thus drest, she had another Island been:
Roaring she tears the Air with such a noise,
(As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the Field is won)
To reach the ears of her escaped Son.
He (though a League removed from the Foe)
Hastes to her aid, the pious Trojan so
Neglecting for *Crensus* life his own,
Repeats the dangers of the burning Town;
The men amazed, blush to see the seed
Of Monsters, humane Piety exceed,

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians sung,
That Loves bright Mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th'unconquer'd Fish:
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through Rocks they'd hew her passage to the main:
But how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with Monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded Foe,
Whom her couragious Son protected so,
They charge their Muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the Fight with Fire.
Standing aloof with Lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed Whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send
For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.

But

But what those pieces fram'd to batter walls
 Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
 Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who sends
 A Tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
 Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms.

S O N G.

PEace babling Muse,
 I dare not sing what you indite;
 Her eyes refuse
 To read the passion which they write;
 She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,
 Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
 And I no less her anger dread,
 Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
 While some fierce Lion does embrace
 His breathless Corps, and licks his Face;

F 4

Wrapt

Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of Love.

Anger in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes.
And sorrow too finds some relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief;
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move.
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordred, tremble, fawn and creep,
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For Women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

upon several occasions.

73

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud,
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling, did salute the Beast;
But with high Courage, Life, and Force
Approaching tam'd th'unruly Horse,
Unwisely we the wiser ~~East~~
Pitty, supposing them oppress'd
With Tyrants force, whose Law is Will,
By which they govern, spoil and kill;
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no less Rigor here.

Should some brave Turk that walks among
His Twenty Lasses bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Preferr'd to quench his present Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With Modest guise, and Silent fear,

All

All to one Female Idol bend,
Whilst her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more Majestique Queen,
Or humbler slaves he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love that conquering Look,
When next beheld like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink,
Of some smooth Stream about to drink,
Surveying there is armed Head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned Dogs, resolves to try
The combat next, but if their cry

Invades

invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

To Phillis.

P*hillis*, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter then the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and Beauty stay.
Love has wings, and will away.
Love has swifter wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heaven does climb.
Gods that never change their state,
Vary oft their Love and Hate;

Phillis

Phillis, to this Truth we owe,
 All the love betwixt us Two :
 Let not you and I require,
 What has been our past desire,
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd ;
 Leave it to the Planets to,
 What we shall hereafter do ;
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present Love,

To Phillis.

P*hillis*, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
 And on that Rock your *Thirsis* threw,
 Who for proud *Celia* could have dy'd,
 Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.
 Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows,

From Go

From foes discharg'd as often meet

The shining points of Arrows fleet

In the wide Air creating Fire,

As souls that joyn in one desire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn

In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,

Who the pursuit of churlish Beasts.

Preferr'd to sleeping on her Breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize,

Of the bright *Carlisses* conquering eyes,

Which she regards no more than they,

The tears of lesser Beauties weigh :

So have I seen the lost Clouds pour,

Into the Sea a useless shower,

And the vext Sailors curse the rain,

For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then *Phillis*, since our passions are

Govern'd by chance, and not the care

But

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
 To look upon this *Parthian* flight
 Of Love, still flying or in chase,
 Never encountering face to face,
 No more to love we'll sacrifice,
 But to the best of Deities ;
 And let our hearts which Love disjoyn'd,
 By his kind Mother be combin'd.

S O N G.

WHile I listen to thy voice,
 (*Chloris*) I feel my life decay,
 That powerful noise
 Calls my flitting soul away,
 Oh suppress that Magick sound,
 Which destroys without a wound !

upon several occasions.

79

Peace *Chloris* peace, or singing die

That together you and I,

To Heaven may go,

For all we know,

Of what the Blessed do above

As, that they Sing, and that they Love.

S O N G.

Stay *Phæbus*, stay,

The world to which you flie so fast,

Conveying day

From us to them, can pay your haste,

With no such object, nor salute your rise

With no such wonder as *de Mornay's* eyes;

Well does this prove,

The error of those antique Books,

Which made you move,

About the world; her charming Looks

Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

To Amoret.

A Moret, the Milky way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars,

The smooth stream where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely Foe,

Tell me where thy strength does lie,

Where the power that charms us so,

In thy Soul or in thy Eye?

By that snowy neck alone,

Or thy Grace in Motion seen,

No such wonders could be done:

Yet thy Waste is straight and clean,

As *Cupid's* shaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

B Rave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* ^{(goes,}
Who hears this told, and does not straight sup-
We send the Graces and the Muses forth, ^{(pose}
To civilize, and to instruct the *North*?

Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the Sacred Virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th'invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and cast th'ambitious Giants down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist
Bays with that Ivy, which so early kist

G

Thy

Thy youthful Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of War and thee?
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breast,
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the same Ashes turn'd:
Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This Tempest, yet which frights our Island so;
Guarded with ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair *Hebrew* stand,
When first she felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whose relief and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood,

To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who e're long shall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking smart,
His rebel tail scourging his Nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before:

**For drinking of Healths.*

Let Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent Mistress guides our sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites;
She would our Care as well as Thirst redress,
And with Divinity reward excess;
Deserted *Ariadne* thus reply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty deride,

Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault;
Bacchus and *Phæbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
 And each by others timely heat supply'd:
 All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
 Is paid in numbers which their juyce inspires.
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood,
 To give our Friends a Title to our Blood:
 Who naming me, doth warm his courage so,
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute.

S Uch moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
 So unconcern'd her self, and we so much!
 What Art is this, that with so little pains
 Transports us thus, and o'r our spirit reigns?
 The trembling strings about her fingers crow'd,
 And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:

small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listning Deer;
Musick so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her self the triumph of her eyes.
So Nero once, with Harp in hand survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burnt he playd.

*To a Lady singing a Song of his
Composing.*

Chloris your self you so excel
When you vouchsafeto breath my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Eccho with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face,
But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the marriage of the Dwarfs.

DEsign or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As she deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame,
And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care ;
Over whose heads those Arrows flie
Of sad distrust and jealousie ;
Secured in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show
Like moving Mountains topt with snow ;
And every Man a *Polipheme*
Does to his *Galatea* seem ;
None may presume her faith to prove,
He profers Death that profers Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us,
Creating for our selves us two,
As Love has me for only you.

Loves farewell.

TReading the path to Nobler ends,
A long farewèl to Love I gave;
Resolv'd my Countrey and my Friends
All that remain'd of me should have;
And this Resolve no mortal Dame,
None but those eyes could have o'rthrown.
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private Fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven indure.

From

From a Child.

Madam,

AS in some Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our Violets dare look abroad :
So measure not by any common use,
The early Love your brighter eyes produce ;
When lately your fair hand in womans weed,
Wrap't my glad head, I wish't me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now ;
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think your self too kind,
Who now I fear while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less ;

The

The sound of Love makes your soft heart afraid,
 And guard it self, though but a Child invade,
 And innocently at your white breast throw
 A Dart as white, a Ball of new fallen snow.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waste confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
 No Monarch but would give his Crown
 His Arms might do what this has done.
 It was my Heaven extreamest Sphear,
 The Pale which held that lovely Dear;
 My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
 Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give

upon several occasions.

912

, Give me but what this Riban bound,
Take all the rest, the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep.

*For not approaching the Lady who can do any
thing but sleep when she pleaseth.*

MY charge it is, those breaches to repair
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil and
Rest to the Limbs, and quiet I confer (care
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her (plac'd
Whom Heaven and her transcendent thoughts have
Above those ills, which wretched Mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy she
From all that may infringe delight, is free:
Love at her Royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haste obeys,

Such

Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?

Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the Clouds seem all at her command;
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a guest
Among th'immortals, who with Nectar feast:
That power would seem that entertainment short
Of the true splendor of her present Court;
Where all the joys and all the Glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No Cloud in so serene a Mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain supplies.
That Christal Heaven, where *Phæbus* never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in Clouds.

But

But so hard which numbers cannot force?
 So stoops the Moon, and Rivers change their course?
 The bold *Meonian* made me dare to sleep
 Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of sleep.
 And since the Muses do invoke my power,
 I shall no more decline that Sacred Bower,
 Where *Gloriana* their great Mistress lies,
 But gently taming those victorious eyes,
 Charm all her senses; till the joyful Sun
 Without a Rival half his course has run:
 Who while my hand that fairer light confines
 May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

At Pens-hurst.

While in the Park I sing, the listning Deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
 When to the Beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads as if they felt the same:

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowrs
With loud complaints, they answer me in showrs.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heaven
Loves Foe profest, why dost thou falsely feign
Thy self a *Sidney*? from which Noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high desire,
Seems but the smoak of amorous *Sidneys* fire.
Nor call her Mother, who so well do's prove,
One breast may hold both Chastity and Love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive; to no humane stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of such stern Beauty, plac'd those healing springs
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not my self to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still foment the Fire
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire.

This last complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
Of just *Apollo*, President of Verse,
Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advis'd me, on you aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hie thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at least may with this passion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph from whom her humble swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging main ;
 And from the Winds and Tempests do's expect
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect :
 Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice, and vows this endless Love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

HAd *Sacharissa* liv'd when Mortals made
 Choice of their Deities, this Sacred shade
 Had held an Altar to her power that gave
 The Peace and Glory which these allies have
 Embroidred so with Flowers where she stood,
 That it became a Garden of a Wood :
 Her presence has such more than humane Grace
 That it can civilize the rudest place,

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where Nature ne'r intended it, nor Art
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No less than those of old, did *Orpheus* Lire:
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand
Like some well Marshall'd and obsequious band,
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.

Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchless Dame,
That if together ye fed all on one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Go Boy, and carve this passion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which stands the sacred mark

H

Of

Of Noble *Sidney's* birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal making stars did shine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble Love:
His humble Love, whose hope shall ne'r raise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

Not that thy Trees at *Penf-burst* groan
Oppressed with their timely load,

And seem to make their silent moan,

That their great Lord is now abroad :

They to delight his taste or eye

Would spend themselves in fruit and dye.

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,

And think themselves unjustly slain

By any other hand than thine,

Whose Arrows they would gladly stain :

upon several occasions.

99

No nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France* which keeps thee there,

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of publick and domestick care.

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis* Sun,
For which such stern debate did rise,
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,

Those Achive Peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of Beauty which begun
To warm us so when thou wert here,

H 2

Now

Now scorches like the raging Sun

When *Syrins* does first appear

O fix this Flame, and let despair

Redeem the rest from endless care!

To a very young Lady.

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity?

That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love.

Yet fairest blossom do not flight
That age which you may know so soon;
The Rosie Morn resigns her light,
And milder Glory to the Noon:

And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning Beauty warms us so?

Hope. waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer though it be less gay,
Yet is not lookt on as a time
Of declination or decay.

For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

S Ay lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?

Colours of this Gloriouskind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In Heaven it self thou sure wer't drest
With that Angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded am I blest,

And see my joy with closed eyes.

H 3

But

But ah this Image is too kind

To be other than a dream!

Cruel *Sacharissa's* mind

Never put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intendst me grace

Change that Heavenly face of thine;

Paint despis'd Love in thy face,

And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meager let it look,

With a pity-moving shape,

Such as wander by the Brook

Of *Lethe*, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,

In whose shape thou shinest so,

Softly in her sleeping ear,

With humble words express my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride;

Thus surpris'd she may fall:

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And death resembling equals all.

S O N G.

BEhold the brand of Beauty tost;

See how the motion does dilate the Flame:

Delighted Love his spoils does boast,

And triumph in this game.

Fire to no place confin'd,

Is both our wonder and our fear,

Moving the mind,

As lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encrease

Of all her shining lamps this artful way.

The Sun in Figures such as these
 Joys with the Moon to play.
 To the sweet strains they advance,
 Which do result from their own spheres,
 As this Nymphs dance,
 Moves with the numbers which she hears.

On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.

Pigmalions fate revert is mine.
 His marble Love took flesh and bloud;
 All that I worshipt as Divine
 That Beauty now 'tis understood,
 Appears to have no more of life
 Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.
 As women yet who apprehend
 Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
 Although

Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their Limbs they find
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so,
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narcissus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The sign of Beauty feeds my fire;
No mortal Flame was e're so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel.

To

*To a Lady from whom he received a
Silver Pen.*

Madam,

Intending to have try'd

The silver Favour which you gave,

In Ink the shining point I dy'd,

And drench it in the sable wave;

When griev'd to be so foully stain'd,

On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take

From her fair hand so fair a boon,

Yet how deserv'd I to make

So ill a change, who ever won

Immortal praise for what I wrought,

Instructed by her Noble thought.

that expressed her commands
 To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
 Always most welcome to their hands,
 Proud that I would record their names,
 Must now be taught an humble stile
 Some meaner Beauty to beguile.
 So I the wronged Pen to please,

Make it my humble thanks express
 Unto your Ladyship in these,
 And now 'tis forced to confess
 That your great self did nere indite,
 Nor that to one more Noble write.

*On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by
 four Ladies.*

TWICE Twenty slender Virgin fingers twine
 This curious Web where all their fancies shine;

A

As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought
 Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
 Not *Juno's* Bird when his fair train dispread,
 He wooes the Female to his painted bed;
 No not the bow which so adorns the Skies,
 So Glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

*To my Lord of Northumberland upon the
 death of his Lady.*

TO this great loss a Sea of Tears is due,
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
 Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
 Those showers the eyes of us your servants rain.
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
 In which, nor fear nor anger has a part?
 Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dies)
 Her sole child dead the tender Mothers eyes)

your

Your minds relief, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'r could grow
Beyond their limits in your Noble breast,
To harm another or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray :
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th'obsequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius* his great charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
Before *Romes* people : we did oft implore
That if the Heavens had any bad in store,
For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
On his own house, and let you flourish still :
You on the barren Sea (my Lord) have spent,
Whole Springs, and Summers to the publick lent :
Suspended

Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shortned the short joy of such a wife:
For which your Countrey's more obliged then,
For many lives of old, less happy men,
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of Youth and private blifs, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight :
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this cross,
Since publick persons only publick loss
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,
Her application to your Will and Truth,
That Noble Sweetness, and that humble State
All snatchit away by such a hasty fate,
Might give excuse to any common Breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd;
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd

upon several occasions.

111

To the last Act; it is enough her Stone
May honoured be with Superſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickneſs
and Recovery.

With joy like ours, the *Thracian* youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elizian* ſhades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his ſtay emplore,
Make it their publick ſuit, he would no more.
Deſert them ſo, and for his ſpouſes ſake,
His vaniſht Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed
Who ſhall the fair *Euridice* ſucceed:

Euridice

Euridice for whom his num'rous moan
Makes listning Trees, and salvage Mountains groan
Through all the Air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation, spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our Great *Charles*, whose wisdom shines in you
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst, it gave our souls relief:
That in our age such sense of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd:
Nature her fairest lights eclipsed, seems
Her self to suffer in those sharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.

The

upon several occasions.

113

The Stem thus threatned, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend:
As Lillies overcharg'd with Rain they bend (tend,
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven con-
Fold thee within their snowy Arms, and cry
He is too faultless and too young to die:
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd again?

Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
Though to be blest? or e her *Adonis* so
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious shower
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing Flower.

The next support fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that Noble frame,

I

By

By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursues thee to the grave.

And now relentless fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend,
That antick stock which still the world supplies
With bravest Spirits, and with brightest Eyes,
Kind *Phæbus* interposing, bid me say
Such storms no more shall shake that house, but they,
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neece, shall be
The shining Glories of the Land and Sea :
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our age,
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick rage.

A la Malade.

A H lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

upon several occasions.

115

So amply thence the common end,
Of giving to Lovers, to pretend,
Hence to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy Beauties to impair, for Heaven
Solicites thee with such a care,
As Roses from their stalks we tear,
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear;
And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair Lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright guest, your soul appear.
 So Nymphs o're pathless Mountains born,
 Their light Robes by the Brambles torn
 From their fair Limbs, exposing new
 And unknown beauties to the view
 Of following gods, increase their flame,
 And haste to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THe Lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then fright she shews, 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made follow a choice,
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretcht
 Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetcht

So we retiring from the busie throng,
 Use to restrain th'ambition of our song;
 But since the light which now informs our age
 Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
 Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus* flies
 To light her Torch at *Cloriana's* eyes.

Those Sovereign beams which heal the wounded
 And all our cares but once beheld controul ;
 There the pore Lover that has long endur'd
 Some proud Nymphs scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
 Fares like the man who first upon the ground
 A glo-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
 A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone
 (For life it had, and like those Jewels shone :)
 He held it dear, till by the springing day
 Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the Lover as we Gangreens stay,
By cutting hope, like a lop't Limb, away :
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use :
Could Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light ?
Thus in a Starry night fond Children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the Skie,
Which though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one enclin'd,
Her bounty and compassion to Mankind :
To whom while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face :

For Mercy has (could Mercies self be seen)
No sweeter look than this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the Miserable are made hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
Poor Sheep from Tempest, and their Shepherd shields:
The Royal Bird possesses all the bows,
But shade and shelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next,
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext :
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy bloud :
What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus descended are to reign ?

Led by Commanders of so fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame;
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him wield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives such fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

MAY those already curst *Essexian* plains,
Where halcy death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a Desert, and none there make stay,
But savage Beasts, or men as wild as they.

There

upon severall occasions.

121

There the fair light which all our Island grac'd,
Like *Hero's* Taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did finde,
As that expos'd to the boysterous winde.

Ah cruel Heaven to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows and tears we should have
That sad decrees suspension to have wrought. (sought
But we (alass) no whisper of her pain,
Heard till 'twas sin to wish her here again.

That horrid word at once like Lightning spread,
Strook all our ears, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue.

That death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the vertuous, and the young.

The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand and veil so rudely torn,

Like

Like terror did among th'immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddeffes may bleed :
All stand amazed, but beyond the rest
Th'heroique Dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,
Urging the promise to the obsequious given,
Of longer life, for ne'r was pious soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful eye at once might read the Race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her face,
And sweet Humility, her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of Vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do :
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her Love was due,
So fast, so Faithful, Loyal, and so True,

That

That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
 The rouling lights of Heaven, as change her course,
 Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
 Instruct us to record what she was here:
 And when this cloud of sorrows over-blown,
 Through the wide world we'll make her graces
 So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast, (known.
 That all our Art and Power of speech is waste
 Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
 Eternal mounments of louder praise.
 Their our delight complying with her fame,
 Shall have occasion to recite thy name.
 Fair *Sacharissa*, and now only fair,
 To sacred friendship we'll an Altar rear:
 Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,
 Where on a marble Pillar shall be told
 The lovely passion each to other bare,
 With the resemblance of that matchless pair,

Narcissus

Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless Virgin, and a faultless Wife:
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.
How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
That such a love should have so short a date?
Lately I saw her sighing, part from thee
(Alas that such the last farewell should be!)
So look't *Astræa*, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind:
Consent in Vertue, knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death does last:
For as your tears and sorrow-wounded soul
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well chosen Love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the Skie:
Then grieve no more, the one so Heavenly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd;
Rather since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away.
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit,
We should suppose that some propitious spirit,
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

*To the Queen-Mother of France upon her
Landing.*

Great Queen of *Enorpe* where thy off-spring
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy
heirs. (wears
As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt *Britains* shore,
As erst *Latona* (who fair *Cynthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here shines a Nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd ?
Or why did you so much regard the wind ?
Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have tost
Thy Sovereign Bark, but where th' obsequious coast
Pay tribute to thy Bed : *Romes* conquering hand
More vanquish'd Nations under her command,
Never reduc'd ; glad *Berecinthia*, so
Among her deathless Progeny did go,
A wreath of Flowers adorn'd her reverent head,
Mother of all that on *Ambrosia* fed :
Thy godlike race must sway the age to come,
As she *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
Would those Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honored Parent, all pretences lay

Down at your Royal feet, compose their jars,
And on the growing Turk discharge these Wars:
The Christian Knights that sacred Tomb should wrest
From Pagan hands, and Triumph o'r the East;
Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia's* Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In single combat; by their sword again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* slain.
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuscan* Muse exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

HERE *Celia* for thy sake I part
With all that grew so neer my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,
And that I may successful prove
Transform my self to what you love.

Fool

Fool that I was so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise,
Fool that with such dull Arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Against a Wind mill our vain Launce.

Now will I wander through the Air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And with a Fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the Sea or Wind)
Pursue you wherefoe'r you flye,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal Stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our Books.

But

But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art, the motion us'd
By those free vapors are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious Air
Joves Royal Confort had the care :
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape ;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud which he embrac'd.

Such was that Image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness which beguil'd
Your *Thirsts* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cælia* caught.
Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air :

A fate for which he grieves the less
Because the gods had like success.
For in their story one (we see)
Pursues a Nymph, and takes a Tree:
A second with a Lovers haste
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But she that did a Virgin seem,
Posselt appears a wandering stream:
For his supposed Love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a Bird;
And stands amaz'd to find his dear,
A wild inhabitant of the Air.

To these old tales such Nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new,
The Am'rous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.

But *Celia* if you apprehend
The Muse of your incens'd friend;

Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears, he'll not complain:
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jason, Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told.
Such Beasts and Monsters as their force oppress
Some places only, and some times infect;
Salley that scorn'd all power and Laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage Race successively renew'd,

Their King despising with rebellious pride,
 And foes profess to all the world beside,
 This pest of Mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
 And through the obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel *Agag* said,
 As thy fierce sword has Mothers childless made,
 So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
 Just *Charles* like measures has return'd to these,
 Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas;
 With ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn,
 With ships their City and them selves are torn.
 One Squadron of our winged Castles sent
 O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
 For not content the dangers to increase,
 And act the part of Tempests in the Seas,
 Like hungry Wolves these Pirates from our shore,
 Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd Cattel bore;

Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the Sea:
Mad *Cacus* so whom like ill fate perswades
The herd of fair *Alcmena's* seed invades;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark Cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

Morroccos Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd worlds Revenger, and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his Barque proportion'd Presents bears
To the renown'd for Piety and force.
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchless horse.

Puerperium.

YOU Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compose

All that's beneath your Bower,
Calm silence on the Seas, on Earth impose.

Fair *Venus* in thy soft Arms,

The God of rage confine,

For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline,

Thou the Flame,

Kindled in his breast canst tame,

With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island rest,

Make Heaven smile,

That no storm disturb us, while

Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her nest.

Great *Gloriana*, fair *Gloriana*,

Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,

Whose

Whose Beauty relieves us,
Whose Royal bed gives us
Both Glory and Peace.
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.

WHile she pretends to make the Graces known
Of matchless *Mira*, she reveals her own,
And when she would anothers praise indite,
Is by her Glass instructed how to write,

To one Married to an old Man.

Since thou wouldst needs bewitcht with some ill
Be buried in those monumental arms: (charms,
All we can wish, is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender Limbs, and so good night.

To Flavia Song.

TIs not your Beauty can ingage
My wary heart :

The Sun in all his pride and rage,

Has not that Art ;

And yet he shines as bright as you,

If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say

Nor those you write,

Which can make *Thirsis* heart your prey :

For that delight,

The graces of a well-taught mind,

In some of our own sex we find.

No *Flavia*, 'tis your love, I fear,

Loves surest darts,

Those which so seldom fail him are

Headed with hearts ;

Their

Their very shadows make us yield,
Dissemble well and win the field.

The Fall.

See how the willing earth gave way
To take th'impression where she lay.

See how the mould as loath to leave

So sweet a burden, still doth cleave

Close to the Nymphs stain'd garment; here

The coming Spring would first appear,

And all this place with Roses strow,

If busie feet would let them grow;

Here *Venus* smil'd to see blind Chance

It self, before her Son advance,

And a fair Image to present

Of what the Boy so long had meant;

'Twas such a chance as this made all

The world into this Order fall;

Thus

Thus the first Lovers, on the clay
 Of which they were compos'd lay;
 So in their prime with equal grace
 Met the first patterns of our Race:
 Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,
 Or wonder how you both came down;
 But touch him, and he'll tremble straight,
 How could he then support your weight?
 How could the Youth alas, but bend
 When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?
 If ought by him amiss were done,
 'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of Silvia.

O Ur sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares
 The sense it has of Lovers cares:
 She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Silvia the fair while she was kind;

As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now :

So when the Skie makes us endure

A storm, it self becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia's* self her name :

Lest she provoking Heaven should prove

How it rewards neglected Love.

Enter a thousand such as I

Their grief untold should pine and die,

Than her bright morning over-cast

With fullen clouds should be defac't.

The Budd.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,

Big with many a coming Rose,

This early Bud began to blush,

And did but half it self disclose ;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon:

All that was meant by Air or Sun
To the young Flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same inform'd of Love,
Of purest Love and Musick too
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:

When that, which lifeless buds perswades
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

Upon Ben. Johnson.

Mirror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, induces
A remedy like those whom Musick cures;
Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations;
So traced with thy All-resembling Pen
That what e'r custom has impos'd on men;
Or ill got habit, which deforms them so,
That scarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is represented to the wondring eyes
Of all that see or read thy Comedies;
Who ever in those Glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind;
And by the help of so Divine an Art
At leasure view and dress his Nobler part.

Narcissus

Narcissus couzened by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his Beauty tell,
Had here discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate;
But vertue too, as well as vice, is clad
In Flesh and Blood so well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't,
Vertue with colours, speech, and motions grac't
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse,
Who would express a thousand Tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou couldst all characters impart:
So none could render thine, who still escapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of shapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in Mankind.

Chl. Hilar, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their Breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

Hel. Chloris, this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring;
Time from your self does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The Oak now resembles which lightning hath
(blasted.

Under a Ladies Picture.

Such *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his *Troy*?

L

But

But had like vertue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for pity, but with silent moan,
 And better fate had perished alone.

In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.

Con.

STay here fond youth, and ask no more, be wise,
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise,

Pro.

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

Con.

The vertuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst, should still
 Last in their pride, and wouldst not take it ill
 If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy
 Thou awak't, he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
 Be stiled vertuous, and the end not so?

Talk

upon several occasions.

847

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire.
Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,
But to sleep better; for who e're drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himself asleep.

Con.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloyes:

Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit, this once past,
What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

Pro.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But shall we starve, ccause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys, just *Hymen* warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

L 2

Com.

Con.

Urge not 'tis necessary ; alas we know
 The homeliest thing that Mankind does, is so.
 The world is of a large extent we see,
 And must be peopled, children there must be,
 So must bread too, but since there are enough
 Born to that drudgery ; what need we plough ?

Pro.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hinde
 Gets of my pregnant Land, must all be mine :
 But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not so ;
 For when *Anchises* did fair *Venus* know,
 What interest had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
 Famous *Aeneas*, or the present joy ?

Con.

Women enjoy'd, what e'retofore they have been,
 Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen :
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the play much more
 Thna if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Pro.

Pro.

Plays and Romances read, and seen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not seen at all
Whom would they please? to an Heroick tale,
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

Con.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Pro.

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
'T would not be Heaven to those that now are there.

Con.

As in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint,
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

Pro.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
but he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

L 3

In

In goodly prospect who contracts the space,
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our light
 And nature blame for limiting our sight,
 Where you stand wisely winking that the view
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor:
 He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

Pro.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
 But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

*To a friend of the different success of
 their Loves.*

THrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,
 Which first began to love, or loves most now:
 Fair course of passion where two Lovers start,
 And run together, heart still yoked with heart:

Successful

Successful youth, whom love has taught the way
 To be victorious in the first essay.
 Sure Love's an Art best practis'd at first,
 And were th' experienc'd still prosper worst;
 I with a different fate pursu'd in vain
 The haughty *Celia*, till my just disdain
 Of her neglect, above that passion born,
 Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn,
 Now she relents, but all too late to move
 A heart directed to a Nobler love:
 The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more,
 Now, than my vows and service did before:
 So in some well wrought hangings you may see
 How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
 Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,
 That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
 But there from Heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls,
 And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.

They that are foremost in that bloody Race
 Turn head anon, and give the Conqu'rors chace;
 So like the chances are of Love and War,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
 In love the victors from the vanquish'd flie,
 They flie that wound, and they pursue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

They that never had the use
 Of the Grapes surprizing juyce;
 To the first delicious cup,
 All their Reason render up:
 Neither do not care to know,
 Whether it be best or no.
 So they that are to love inclin'd;
 Sway'd by chance, not Choice or Art,
 To the first that's fair or kind,
 Make a present of their heart:

'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing towards the *East* did stand,
She entertain'd his Eyes,

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All those he can despise,
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise;

He neither might, nor wisht to know
A more refulgent light:

For

For that as mine, your beauties now,
Imploy'd his utmost fight,

To Zelinda.

FAirest piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o're us lies
Not in your Race but in your Eyes:
None but a Prince! alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice!
Should you no Honey vow to taste,
But what the master Bees have plac't
In compass of their Cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall?
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:
The sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is spread;

But

But vertues which in Parents shine,
Make not like progress through the Line.
Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft those graces give;
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led,
He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the Green:
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heroes* hence was given
A Pedigree which reacht to Heaven;
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd;
And Beauty too in such excess
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no less,

Smile

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.

I can describe the shady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouses shape and name :
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays.

F*letcher*, to thee we do not only owe
All our good Playes, but all those other too,
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this Age,
No Worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
Could purchase Robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave Commander is not proud to see
Thy brave *Melentius* in his Gallantry.

Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;
The impatient widow e're the year be done,
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her Gown.

I never yet the Tragick strain assay'd
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid,
And when I venture at the Comick stile,
Thy scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in plays by rendring it too hard;
So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw
The Barr by turns, and none the rest out-go
So farr, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation, and their pastime lasts;
But if some braunie Yeoman of the Guard
Step in and toss the Axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

To

To Chloris.

Chloris since first our calm of peace
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,
 Your favours with your fears increase,
 And growing mischiefs make you kind:
 So the fair Tree which still preserves
 Her Fruit and State, whilst no wind blows,
 In storms from that uprightness swerves,
 And the glad earth about her strows
 With Treasure from her yielding boughs.

*On St. James's Park as lately improved by
 His Majesty.*

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
 Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the
 Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate (ground;
 Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead

Instead of Rivers rowling by the side
Of Edens Garden, here flows in the Tyde;
The Sea which always serv'd his Empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too:
Of famous Cities we the Founders know;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are natures bounty; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future shade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus or Amphions hand
In better order could not make them stand;
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his Pallace fall.
Me-thinks I see the love that shall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous shade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers side,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter slide.
Me-thinks I hear the Musick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the notes,
Whilst over head a flock of new sprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Darkning the Skie they hover o're, and shrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud:
Beneath a shoale of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges sides;
The Ladies angling in the Chrystal Lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
They make the Fishes and the men their prize;
A thousand *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea nymphs enter with the swelling Tyde,
From *Thetis* sent as spies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court

upon several occasions.

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All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat; here you may descry,
The choicest things that furnisht *Noahs* Ark,
Or *Peters* sheet, inhabiting this Park :
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious Allies lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread :
Yonder the harvest of cold moneths laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup,
There Ice like Chrystal, firm and never lost,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* frost,
Winters dark prison, whence he cannot flie,
Though the warm Spring his enemy draws nigh :
Strange! that extremes, should thus preserve the snow,
High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

M

Here

Here a well-polisht Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force imploy ;
His manly posture and his graceful mine
Vigor and youth in all his motion seen,
His shape so lovely, and his Limbs so strong
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long:
No sooner has he toucht the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than halfe the mall ;
And such a fury from his arme has got
As from a smoaking Culverin 'twere shot.

Nere this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold sons of earth that thrust their arms so high
As if once more they would invade the Sky ;
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd :
With such old Counsellors they did advise
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise ;

free from th' impediments of light and noise
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts employs :
Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes fates:
What Nation shall have peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;
The world from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His Fancy objects from his view receives,
The prospect thought and contemplation gives :
That seat of Empire here salutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *White-Hall*,
Built with the fortune of *Romes* Capitol ;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate ;
From hence he does that Antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the sacred gold ;

It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep
Making the circle of their reign compleat,
Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set :
When others fell, this standing did presage
The Crown should triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that House where all our ills were shap'd
Th' Auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders fie;
The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall, he sees, the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come.
Under whose large roof flourishes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Pastor he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find;
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to publique care;
 Here free from Court-compliances He walks,
 And with himself, his best adviser, talks;
 How peaceful Olive may his Temples shade,
 For mending Laws, and for restoring Trade;
 Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd
 For Nations conquer'd and our bounds enlarg'd:
 Of ancient Prudence here He ruminates,
 Of rising Kingdoms and of falling States:
 What ruling Arts gave Great *Augustus* Fame,
 And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name:
 His eyes upon his native Palace bent
 Close by, suggest a greater argument,
 His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
 Day for his sake could with the Night agree;
 A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,
 Born, the divided world to reconcile:
 What ever Heaven or high extracted blood
 Could promise or foretell, he will make good;
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park from what it was before.

*To Sir William D'avenant upon his Two first
 Books of Gondibert, written in France.*

THUS the wise Nightingal that leaves her home
 Her Native Wood, when storms and winter
 Pursueing constantly the cheerful Spring, (come,
 To forein Groves does her old Musick bring;
 The drooping *Hebrews* banish'd Harps unstrung
 At *Babylon*, upon the willows hung;

Your

Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No less in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilst unconcern'd you let your Countrey know,
They have impoverished themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates
Which threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.
So *Ovid* when from *Cesar's* rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muse to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he so sung, that we through pities Glasse,
See *Nero* milder than *Augustus* was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
Th'indulgent censure of Posterity.
To banish those who with such Art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse does bring:
Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.
This to thy self, Now to thy matchless Book,
Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,
 Like new stamp'd Coin made out of Angel-gold,
 Such truth in Love as th' antique world did know
 In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.
 Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
 But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.
 Man is thy Theme, his Vertue or his Rage
 Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.
 Mars nor Bellona are not named here;
 But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear.
 Venus had here, and Hebe been out-shin'd,
 By the bright *Birthe*, and thy *Rhodolind*.
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
 Betwixt thy Worthies and the Grecian gods.
 Whose Deities in vain had here come down
 Where mortal Beauty wears the Sovereign Crown,
 Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood
 (Though not resist'd) may be understood.

To my worthy Friend the Translator of Gratius.

Thus by the Musick we may know

When Noble Wits a Hunting go

Through Groves that on *Parnassus* grow.

The Muses all the Chase adorn,

My friend on *Pegasus* is born,

And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.

Having old *Gratius* in the wind,

No pack of Critiques e're could find

Or he know more of his own mind.

Here Huntsmen with delight may read

How to chuse Dogs for scent or speed,

And how to change or mend the breed.

What Arms to use, or Nets to frame,

Wild beasts to combate or to tame,

With all the Mysteries of that game.

But

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In antient times does differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like (since powder known)
That man so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of Beasts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment but a Text
To tell how modern Beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Since none does more to *Phabus* owe,
Or in more Languages can shew
Those Arts which you so early know.

To the King, upon His Majesties happy Return.

THe rising Sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the Clouds, then shews his globe of
At such a distance from our eyes, as though (light
He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.

But your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of your Reign, Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate,
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That, if your Grace incline that we should live,
You must not (*SIR*) too hastily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preserves us from th'excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Hester* does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think she did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force would sink:
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Giant-Isle has got her Eye again;
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes:
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now Your Thunder shall.

Princes,

upon several occasions.

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Princes, that saw You, different passions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whose Conversation was their late delight.

So *Semele* contented with the rape
Of *Jove*, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime
To have accepted life so long a time
Without You here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to Your present Reign:
For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe's Kings*,
You know your work; Ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught:

So

So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern imploy'd :
Heripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

This seat of Yours, from th'other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your power and skill
Make the worlds motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first *English* born
That has the Crown of these three Nations worn,
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?
Till (Your try'd vertue, and Your sacred Word,
At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redrest His wrong
When straight the People, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break

Break forth at once, like Powder set on fire,
And with a Noble rage their *KING* require.

So th'injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course
To gain some Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel stay,
Raging, the late-got Land she overflows;
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chieftest, do begin
To strive for Grace, and expiate their sin :
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroid,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oyl.

If then such praise the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot ;
What Glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd intrests, has the knot untty'd,

And

And with out stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untoucht wall
Of self-demolisht *Jerico* so low:
His Angel 'twas that did before You go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of Corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus patience crown'd: like *Job's*, your trouble (ends
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were so firm a rock,
What private vertue could endure the shock?
Like your great Master you the storm withstood,
And pitied those who Love with frailty shew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal race,
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter grace

b7A

That

That suffers best : what Region could be found,
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of Your mighty mind,
Is, how You combate Fortune now she's kind ;
And this way too, you are victorious found,
She flatters with the same success she frown'd ;
While to Your Self severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd
Of this vast Empire you possess the care,
The softer part falls to the Peoples share :
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that banisht train,
Justice and Truth, with You return again :
The Cities Trade, and Countries easie life
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.

N

Your

Your Reign no less assures the Ploughmans peace,
 Than the warm Sun advances his increase;
 And does the Shepherds as securely keep
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all the Muse inspired train
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again
 Kind Heaven at once has in Your Person sent
 Their sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent —*

To my Lady Morton on New-years day, 1655
 at the Louver in Paris.

Madam,

New years may well expect to find
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind
 Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you,
 And make your Beauty as themselves seem new:

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* did prefer,
And fairest *Morton* now as much to her;
So like the Sun's advance your Titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.
But thus to stile you fair, your Sexes praise,
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bayes;
From armed Foes to bring a Royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes
If *Judeth* marching with the Generals head
Can give us passion when her storie's read,
What may the living do which brought away,
Though a less bloudy, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a brand,
A brand preserv'd to warm some Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brothers part;
So *Venus* from prevailing Greeks did shrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and sav'd him in a cloud;

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portraict of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forrest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o'rethrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away ;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her Princely burthen to the Gallick shore.

Born in the storms of war, this Royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous Air,
Though now she flies her native Isle, less kind,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the Blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British Throne,
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

Strange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one place,

A Furies Arm, an Angels Face.

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In *Chloris's* fancy such mistakes,
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd

Her servants have a task too hard,
 The Tyrant has a double guard.
 Thrice happy Snake, that in her sleeve
 May boldly creep, we dare not give
 Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave:
 Contented in that nest of Snow
 He lies, as he his bliss did know,
 And to the wood no more would go.
 Take heed, (fair *Eve*) you do not make
 Another Tempter of this Snake,
 A marble one so warm'd would speak.

*To his worthy Friend Master E'velyn upon his
 Translation of Lucretius.*

That Chance and Atomes make this all
 In Order Democratical,
 Where Bodies freely run their course
 Without design, or Fate, or Force.

In

In English verse *Lucretius* sings
As if with *Pegasean* wings,
He soar'd beyond our utmost Sphere,
And other Worlds discovered there;
His boundless and unruly wit
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which she was before suppos'd
By moderate wits to be enclos'd,
Till his free Muse threw down the Pale
And did at once dispark them all.
So vast this Argument did seem
That the great Author did esteem
The *Roman* Language, which was spread
O're the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This speaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And Brittish Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Countrey brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, *Virgil* too
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* spar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort did stand
Untoucht, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this Garland bear
Which now upon your own you wear:
A Garland made of such new Bays,
And sought in such untrodden ways,
As no mans Temples e're did Crown,
Save this fam'd Authors and your own,

Part of the fourth Book of Virgil translated, beginning

— *Talesque miserrima fletus*

Fertque refertque soror —

And ending with,

Adnixi torquent spumas & cerula verrunt.

ALl this her weeping Sister does repeat
 To the stern man, whom nothing could intreat;
 Lost were her pray'rs, and fruitless were her tears,
 Fate and great *Jove* had stop'd his gentle Ears.
 As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
 Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
 His reeling Trunk, and with a boisterous sound
 Scatter his leaves and strew them on the ground:
 He fixed stands, as deep his root doth lye
 Down to the Center, as his top is high:
 No less on every side the *Hero* prest,
 Feels Love and Pity shake his Noble brest,
 And down his Cheeks though fruitless tears do roul,
 Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.

Then

Then *Dido* urged with approaching fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate ;
Her resolution to dispatch and dye
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy.
The water consecrate for sacrifice
Appears all black to her amazed eyes,
The Wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows.
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh Garlands Crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound.
Her Husbands voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of Wizards old
Increast her terror and her fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
And finds *Aeneas* cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
 And furies howl in his distempered ears.
Orestes so with like distraction tost
 Is made to fly his Mothers angry ghost.
 Now grief and fury at their height arrive,
 Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
 Her grieved Sister with a cheerful grace
 (Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
 She thus deceives : (Dear Sister) let us prove
 The cure I have invented for my love.
 Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies
 The place where *Atlas* does support the Skies;
 Hence came an old Magician that did keep
 Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the Dragon sleep;
 Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
 And where she lifts, makes calmest minds to grieve,
 The course of Rivers or of Heaven can stop,
 And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.
 Witness

Witness ye Gods, and thou my dearest part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art !
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruine did imbrace.
With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the Pile be drest,
(The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we
May raze the man out of our memory ;
Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred Rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her Sister thought
Would follow, than *Sychæus* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her ; and now heaped high
The Cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lye
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round :
So by her self was her own funeral Crown'd.
Upon the top, the *Trojan's* image lies,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dies.

They

They by the Altar stand ; while with loose hair
The Magick Prophetess begins her Prayer,
On *Chao's*, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their aboads,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room
With drops suppos'd from *Lethes* lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd Coalts, and Herbs by moon-light
A Cake of Leaven in her pious hands (mows.
Holds the devoted Queen : and barefoot stands,
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her Robe ungirt, invoking every God
And every power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited love.
Now was the time when weary mortals sleep
Their careful Temples in the dew of sleep.
On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell
A death like quiet, and deep silence fell,

But

But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd,
A double passion in her breast does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her soul, What shall I do?
With fate inverted shall I humbly woo?
And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born
Prey to accept me and forget my scorn?
Or shall I with th' ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by sad experience known,
The perjur'd race of false *Laomedon*?
With my *Sidonians* shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dy, and let this sword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah Sister! vanquish't with my passion thou
Betraid'st me first, dispensing with my vow.

Had I been constant to *Sycheus* still
And single-liv'd, I had not known this ill.

Such thoughts torment the Queens intrag'd breast
While the *Dardanian* does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus* seed! Canst thou indulge thy sleep?
Nor better guard in such great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a wind?
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruinethine;
She meditates revenge resolv'd to dye,
Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her fury flye.
This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd.
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd

Shakes

Shakes off dull sleep, and rouzing up his men,
 Behold ! the Gods command our flight agen ;
 Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread,
 What God soe're that thou vouchsaf'st to lead
 We follow gladly and thy will obey,
 Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
 And make the rest propitious. With that word
 He cuts the Cable with his shining sword ;
 Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
 They quit the shoar and rush into the Main ;
 Plac't on their banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

*Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight
 at Sea.*

NOW for some Ages had the pride of *Spain*
 Made the Sun shine on half the world in vain;
 While she bid War to all that durst supply
 The place of those her cruelty made dye.

Of Natures bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the Earth lay waste.

From the new world her silver and her gold
Came like a Tempest to confound the old,
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors hopes,
Alone she gave us Emperours and Popes,
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her *Indian* Mines.

When *Britain* looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded Majesty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nations solid vertue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the worlds repose.

And now some months incamping on the Main
Our Naval Army had besieged *Spain*,
They that the whole worlds Monarchy design'd,
Are to their Ports, by our bold Fleet confin'd,

O

From

From whence our Red-cross they triumphant see
Riding without a Rival on the sea.
Others may use the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *English* make it their abroad,
Whose ready sails, with every wind can flie,
And make a Cov'nant with the unconstant skie;
Our Oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching saw,
And hop'd their *European* coasts to find

Clear'd from our ships by the Autumnal wind,
Their huge capacious Gallions stuf't with Plate
The labouring winds drive slowly towards their fate

Before *St. Lucar* they their Guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a Barge;
This heard some ships of ours (though out of view)
And swift as Eagles to the quarry flew:

So heedless Lambs which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they soon begin that Tragique play,
And with their smoaky Cannons banish day;
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable Arms imbrace the Fleets.
Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets flie,
And of one wound hundreds together dye:
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The ship their Coffin and the Sea their Grave.
Bold were the Men which on the Ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwrack was the worst;
More danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind;
They that had sail'd from near th' Antartick Pole
Their Treasure safe and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea.

What they would spare our fiercer Art destroys,
Surpassing storms in Terror and in noise;
Once *Jove*, from *Ida* did both Hosts survey
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray;
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat should sound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd,

Some we made prize, while others burnt and ret
With their rich Lading, to the bottom went,
Down sinks at once (so fortune with us sports)
The pay of Armies and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whose Rage buries as low that store,
As Avarice had digg'd for it before;
What Earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands lies safer in the deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride.

And now into her Lap the richest prize
Fell with the noblest of our Enemies,

The Marquis glad to see the fire destroy
 Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy,
 Out from his flaming ship his children sent
 To perish in a milder Element;
 Than laid him by his burning Ladies side,
 And since he could not save her, with her dy'd,
 Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
 And *Phoenix* like in that rich nest they dye;
 Alive in flames of equal love they burn'd
 And now together are to ashes turn'd;
 Ashes more worth than all their funeral cost,
 Than the huge Treasure, which was with them lost.
 These dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
 Suspend the Fight and silence all our Guns,
 Beauty and Youth about to perish finds
 Such Noble pity in brave *English* minds,
 That the rich spoil forgot, their valours prize,
 All labour now to save their Enemies.

How frail our passions! how soon changed are
 Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care?
 They that but now for Honour and for Plate
 Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate,
 And their young foes Endeav'ring to retrieve,
 With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

*Epitaph to be written under the Latine inscription
 upon the Tomb of the only Son of the
 Lord Andover.*

TIs fit the *English* Reader should be told
 In our own Language what this Tomb do's
 'Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lye (hold
 Under this stone, but a whole Family;
 His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
 And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy,
 This lovely youth, for whom we all made moan,
 That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
 His Courage, wit, and breeding, to have shew'd,
 We had not found in all the numerous Rowl
 Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater soul,
 His early Vertues to that antient stock
 Gave us much Honour, as from thence he took.
 Like Buds appearing e're the frosts are past,
 To become Man he made such fatal haste,
 And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
 Preventing slow Experience and Time,
 That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd;
 He's seldom Old, that will not be a Child.

*To the Queen upon Her Majesties Birth-day, after Her
 happy recovery from a dangerous sickness.*

Farewel the Year which threatned so
 The fairest Light the World can show;
 Welcome the New, whose every day
 Restoring what was snatch'd away

By pining sickness from the fair,
That matchless Beauty does repair
So fast that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all she had before.
But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We that esteem'd You sent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Island giv'n,
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so neer Destruction brought
Felt all which you did then endure
And tremble yet, as not secure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Eclipse set free,

upon several occasions.

102

Th' Influence which we fondly fear
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year.

But that which may Relieve our care

Is that You have a Help so near

For all the Evils you can prove,

The Kindness of your Royal Love:

He that was never known to Mourn,

So many Kingdoms from him Torn,

His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,

More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were:

For when no healing Art prevail'd,

When Cordials and Elixirs fail'd,

On your pale Check he dropt the flour

Reviv'd you like a Dying flour

Nunc itaque & versus & cetera ludicra pono,

Quid verum, atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc

I N-

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER

For the Drawing of the
Posture and Progress of His Majesties
Forces at Sea under the Command of
His *HIGHNESS-ROYAL*.

Together with
The Battel and Victory obtained
over the *Dutch*, June, 3. 1665.

First draw the Sea, That portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is seen;
Here place the *Brittish*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vast floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:

Draw the whole world, expecting who should
After this Combate, o're the conquer'd Main; (Reign,
Make Heav'n concern'd and an unusual Star
Declare th'Importance of th'approaching War:

Make

Make the Sea shine with Gallantry, and all
The *English* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whose early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in conduct show'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'rest draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cause.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage spread
Through the whole Navy, by that *Heroe* led;
Make all appear, where such a Prince is by
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glorious mind
Make the proud Sails swell, more than with the wind;
Preventing Cannon, make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him bestride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His consent, to use the Sea and Wind:

While

While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the *Indies* in His Armed Hand.

Paint an *East* wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of *Holland* for their Navies stay;
Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold *North*, and Rocky Regions run;
To find the Coast where Morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgain* steers,
Confessing now, He dreads the *English*, more
Than all the dangers of a frozen Shore,
While from our Arms security to find,
They flee so far, they leave the Day behind:

Describe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our first success in War, make *Bacchus* Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:

The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandee lose,
Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows;

While

While the glad *English*, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great leader drink the spoil:

His high Command to *Africks* Coast extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *English* bend:

Those barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give;

Deserted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,

We can our own, and their great business do;

False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,

Which worse than Tempests did infest the Main.

Within those *Streights* make *Hollands* *smirna*-Fleet

With a small Squadron of the *English* meet;

Like Falcons these, those like a numerous Flock

Of Foul, which scatter to avoid the Shock;

There paint Confusion in a various shape

Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:

Europe and *Africa* from either Shore

Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar,

While

While the divided world, in this agree,
Men that Fight so, deserve to rule the Sea.

But neerer home, thy Pencil use once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* shore ;
The World they compass'd while they fought with
But here already they resign the Main: (*Spain*

Those greedy Mariners, out of whose way,
Diffusive Nature could no Region lay,
At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempests lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their Beds to die ;

Their single Towns th' *Iberian* Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,
And in a Month, Ruine their Traffique more,
Than that long War, could in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie ?
The watry Wilderness yields no supplie ;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harmich* we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Brittish* Court,

Th' II.

Th' Illustrious Dutches, and her Glorious Train,
 Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs adorn the Main;
 The gazing Sea-gods, since the *Paphian* Queen
 Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen;
 Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop so fair,
 Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare,
 Resolv'd the Aid of *Neptunes* Court to bring,
 And help the Nation where such Beauties spring;
 The Souldier here his wasted store supplies,
 And takes new valour from the Ladies Eyes:

Mean while like Bees when stormy winter's gone,
 The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)
 Desert their Ports, and falling in their way
 Our *Hambourg* Merchants are become their Prey;
 Thus flourish they, before th' approaching Fight,
 As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.

To check their Pride, our Fleet halfe victual'd goes
 Enough to serve us till we reach our Foes,

Who

Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold ;
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne're press'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient *English* scarce attend the Light ;

But now the Morning, Heav'n severely clear,
To the fierce Work Indulgent does appear ;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might see, and thus record the Fight :

As when loud Winds from different Quarters rush,
Vast Clouds incountring, one another crush,
With swelling Sails, so, from their several Coasts,
Joyn the *Batavain* and the *British* Hoasts ;

For a less Prize, with less Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage ;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
These for the Old Contend, and for the New :

At

At the first shock, with Blood, and Powder stain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her Visage change:

Where burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines, but that by which men dye,
There *TORK* appears, so prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to him, so many Ages told,
Has through the veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd;
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield
And Arms had wrought; yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts & Darts, which the weak *Phrygians* threw;
Our bolder *Heroe* on the Deck does stand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defensive Arms laid by, as useless here,
Where massie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do tears:

P

Some

Some Power unseen those Princes does protect,
Who for their Countrey thus themſelves neglect.

Against *Him* firſt *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the *Swedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to periſh by a Princes Hand :

The tall *Batavain* in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow ſides,
Yet not inclin'd the *Engliſh* ſhip to board,
More on his Guns relies, then on his Sword,
From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
It miſſ'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it griev'd,
Three worthy Perſons from His ſide it tore,
And dy'd His Garment with their ſcatter'd Gore :

Happy ! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſands Lives !
On ſuch a Theatre, as this, to dye,
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a Witneſs by !

Who

Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on such an Altar laid?

The rest about Him strook with horror stood,
To see their Leader cover'd o're with blood ;
So trembl'd *Jacob*, when he thought the stains
Of his Sons Coat had issued from his veins :

He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought,
Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,
His friends in pieces torn, the bitter news
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eies He views;
His mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour & their Truth,
The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives,

He storms, and shoots ; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too slow ;
They miss, or sweep but common Souls away,
For such a loss, *Opdam* his life must pay :

Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm;

His winged Vessel like an Eagle shows,
When through the Clouds to truss a Swan she goes;
The *Belgian* ship unmov'd, like some huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the shock:

From both the Fleets Mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day;
Bullets their flight, and Guns their noise suspend,
The silent Ocean does th'event attend,
Which Leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the Wars success;
When Heav'n it self for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;

Their new Commander from his Charge is tost,
Which that young Prince had so unjustly lost,

Whose

Whose great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct sway'd their Infant State.

His flight tow' rds Heav'n th' aspiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder strook,
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the *Brittish* Admiral:
From her Broad-sides a ruder Flame is thrown:
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun;
That bears the radiant Ensign of the day,
And she the Flag that Governs in the Sea.

The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire should thus prevent
The work which for His brighter sword He meant,
Anger still burning in His valiant breast,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the rest;
So on the guardless Herd their Keeper slain,
Rushes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.
The *Dutch* accusom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black Storms the frowns of Heav'n to see,

Never met Tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince His look appears ;
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he resembles, when
Jove sends him down, to scourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratiude have paid
Both those that Led, and those that gave them Aid;
Where He gives on, disposing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cause so well,
He shakes the Throne to which he does appeal ;
The Sea with spoil His angry Bullets strow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go ;
Before His ship, fragments of Vessels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcasses are born,
And His despairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind ;
So the rude *Boreas* where he lists to blow
Makes clouds above, and Billows flie below,

Beating

Beating the shore, and with a boisterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage:

The Dutch elsewhere, did through the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *English* Courage growing as they fight.
In danger, noise, and slaughter takes delight,
Their bloody Task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by Death, or Victory :

Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like show'rs of Hail from either side are born;
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers Bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their ruine, every Age
Improves the Arts, and Instruments of Rage;
Death-hast'ning ills nature enough has sent,
And yet Men still a thousand more invent.

But *Bacchus* now which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun;

Brandee and Wine, their wonted friends, at length
Render them useleſs, and betray their ſtrength :

So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves with moderate ſhowers;
But over-charge'd with never-ceaſing Rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again :

Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruine all :
Of this Diſorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful *English* ſuch advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo intangled *Belgians* blow ;
The Flame invades the Powder-rooms, and then
Their Guns ſhoot Bullets, and their Veſſels Men ;
The ſcorcht *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to paſs in *Charon's* Boat.

And now our Royal Admiral, Succeſs
With all the marks of Victory does bleſs ;

The

The burning ships, the taken, and the slain
Proclaim His Triumph o're the conquer'd Main:

Nearer to *Holland* as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, fore-runner of His Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amsterdam*;
The *Brittish* Thunder does their Houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock;

His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
Threatning Destruction, hastens their Despair,
Makes them deplore their scatter'd Fleet as lost,
And fear our present Landing on their Coast.

The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince be-
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow' rds their Fold; (hold
Those Piles which serve them to repel the Main
They think too weak His fury to restrain:
What wonders may not *English* valour work,
Led by th' Example of victorious *T O R K*?

Or

Or what Defence against Him can they make,
Who at such distance does their Countrey shake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe:

Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Those Arms which freed them from the *spanish* yoke,

Painter, excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you draw Arm'd *Heroes* as they fit;
The Taske in Battel does the Muses fit;
They in the dark confusion of a Fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the Smoak and tumult of the Field.

Ages to come shall know that Leaders toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muses smile;
Their

Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace

And this Relation with thy Colours grace:

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,

And our Great Monarch, High above Them set,

Like young *Augustus* let His Image be,

Triumphing for that victory at Sea,

Where *Ægypt's* Queen, and *Eastern* Kings o'rethrown,

Made the Possession of the World His own.

Last draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,

Pouring out Treasure to supply His Fleet;

They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain

Their Kings Eternal Title to the Main,

And with a Present to the Duke approve

His Valour, Conduct, and His Countreys Love.

TO

To the King.

GREAT SIR, Disdain not in this piece to stand
 Supream Commander both of Sea and Land:
 Those which Inhabit the Celestial Bower,
 Painters expresse with Emblems of their Power;
 His Club *Alcides*, *Phæbus* has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy You.

But Your Great Providence no Colours here
 Can Represent, nor Pencil draw that Care
 Which keeps You waking, to secure our Peace,
 The Nations Glory, and our Trades increase;
 You for these Ends whole days in Council sit,
 And the Diversions of Your Youth forget.

Small were the worth of Valour and of Force,
 If Your High Wisdom Govern'd not their Course;

You

You as the Soul, as the first Mover You
Vigor and Life on every Part bestow,
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance cast,
Instru&t the Artists, and reward their Haste:

So *Jove* himself, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Descends to visit *Vulcan's* smoaky Cave,
Teaching the Brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terror, Wrath and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* discover'd Your abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that small Island they had look'd with scorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thunderer born.

TO

OF Divine Light to trouble them;

And call in doubt their pleasure I ought

To a Friend of the AUTHORS
A Person of Honour.

*Supposed to
be the Lord
Berkley of
Berkley-*

Who lately writ a Religious Book
Entituled, *Historical Applications, and
occasional Meditations upon several
Subjects.*

BOld is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety in such an Age. .
Who can presume to find a Guard
From Scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd:
Divines are pardon'd, they defend
Altars on which their Lives depend:
But the Prophane impatient are
When Nobler Pens make this their care.
For why should these let in a Beam
Of Divine Light to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing Thought,

That

upon several occasions. 223

That none believes what weare taught?

High Birth and Fortune warrant give,

That such men write what they believe:

And feeling first what they indite,

New credit give to ancient Light.

Amongst these few our Author brings

His well-known pedigree from Kings.

This Book, the Image of his Mind,

Will make his Name not hard to find.

I wish the Throng of *Great* and *Good*

Made it less easly understood.

*To Mr. Henry Lawes, who had then newly set
a Song of mine in the year 1635.*

VErse makes *Heroick* vertue live,

But you can life to Verses give:

As when in open Air we blow

The Breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,

But

But if a Trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last :
So in your Ayrs our Numbers drest
Make a shrill sally from the Brest
Of Nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passionsto themselves commend,
While Love victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voice and Heart
You by the help of Tune and Time
Can make that Song which was but Rime.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the Cause
Or questions Verses set by *L A W E S*.
As a Church window thick with Paint
Lets in a light but dimm and faint ;
So others with Division hide
The light of sence, the Poets pride,
But you alone may truly boast
That not a Syllable is lost ;

The Writers and the Setter's skill
At once the ravisht Ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And Gargle in their Throats a Song,
Content themselves with *UT, RE, MI,*
Let Words and Sence be set by thee.

*Upon Her Majesties New Buildings at
Somerfet-House.*

Great Queen, that does our Island bless,
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated so ill, chac'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And with a brave Revenge do show,
Their Glory went and came with you ;
While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houses in that Storm o'rethrown,
Those wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you Pardon and Relieve :

Constant to *England* in your love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Though by rude hands their Nests are spoil'd,
There, the next Spring again they build:

Accusing some malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War,
Your Kindness banishes your Fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here:

But what new Myne this work supplies?
Can such a pile from Ruine rise?
This like the first Creation shows,
As if at your Command it rose;

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Those differing virtues meet in you;
From a Confin'd well mannag'd store
You both imploy, and feed the poor:
Let Foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of Pride, and Cost,

Of vaster Fabriques to which They

Contribute nothing, but the Pay:

This, by the Queen her self design'd,

Gives us a pattern of her mind;

The State and Order does proclaim

The Genius of that Royal Dame,

Each part with just proportion grac'd,

And all to such advantage plac'd,

That the fair view her Window yields,

The Town, the River, and the Fields

Entring, Beneath us, we descry,

And wonder how we came so high;

She needs no weary steps ascend,

All seems before her feet to bend,

And here, as She was born, She lies

High, without taking pains to rise.

*On the picture of a fair Youth taken after he
was dead.*

AS gather'd Flowers, whilst their wounds are new
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nourisht them, a while,
Not taking notice of their Fate, they smile,
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt them, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumne grow;
So Love and Beauty, still that visage grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place,
Alive the hand of crooked age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold death has spar'd,
No wonder then. —
The rest is lost.

Epigramme upon the Golden Medal.

OUr Guard upon the Royal side,
On the Reverse, Our Beautie's pride

Here we discern, the frown and smile,
The force, and Glory of our Isle;

In the rich Medal both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique
Carv'd by Some Master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in Gold,
And Danae wondring at that shower,
Which falling, storm'd her brazen Tower;
Britania there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it self had fail'd to pass,
Vertue's a stronger Guard then Brass

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

F Air hand that can on virgin Paper write,
Yet from the stain of Ink preserve it white,
Whose travel o're that Silver Field does show,
Like track of Leveretts in morning snow;

Q 3

Love's

Love's Image thus in purest minds is wrought,
 Without a spot, or blemish to the thought;
 Strange that your fingers should the Pencil foil
 Without the help of Colours, or of Oyls
 For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
 'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake,
 Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove
 Like Southern winds, and makes it gently move;
 Orpheus could make the Forrest dance, but you
 Can make the Motion and the Forrest too.

*To a Lady from whom he received the fore-
 going Copy which for many years had
 been lost.*

Nothing lies hid from radiant eyes,
 All they subdue become their spies,
 Secrets, as choicest Jewels are
 Presented to oblige the fair,

No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught :

The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, men say, The Goddess' fate,
Was lost, till *Lilly* from your Look,
Again that Glorious Image took ;

If vertue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new Copies write :
All things but one you can restore,
The heart you get returns no more.

*The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in
the dark.*

D Arkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira's* charms,
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,

Quit all that *Lilly's* Art can take,
And yet a thousand Captives make;

Her speech is grac't with sweeter sound,
Than in anothers song is found,
And all her well-plac'd words are Darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts;

As the bright Stars and milky way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by day;
So we in that accomplisht mind,
Helpt by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendor of her view
Dazled before we never knew;

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her shining Image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night;

Like Jewels to advantage set,
Her Beauty by the shade does get;

There

There, blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that, our Passion might restrain
Is hid, and our Indulgent mind
Presents the fair *Idea* kind ;

Yet friended by the night, we dare,
Only in whispers, tell our care ;

He that on her his bold hand lays
With *Cupids* pointed Arrows plays,
They, with a touch, they are so keen,
Wound us unshot, and she unseen ;

All neer approaches threaten death,
We may be Shipwrackt by her breath.

Love favour'd once, with that sweet gale,

Doubles his haste, and fills his Sail,

Till he arrive, where she must prove

The Heaven, or the Rock, of Love ;

So we th' *Arabian Coast* do know,

At distance, when the Spices blow,

By

By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of English Verse.

Poets may boast [as safely vain]
Their work shall with the world remain
Both bound together, live, or dye,
The Verses and the Prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last in a daily changing Tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails;

When Architects have done their part
The Matter may betray their Art,
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that lasting Marble seek
Must carve in *Latine* or in *Greek*,

We write in Sand, our Language grows,

And like the Tide our work o're flows.

Chaucer his Sence can only boast,

The glory of his numbers lost,

Years have defac'd his matchless strain;

And yet he did not sing in vain,

The Beauties which adorn'd that age

The shining Subjects of his rage,

Hoping they should immortal prove

Rewarded with success his love,

This was the generous Poets scope

And all an *English* Pen can hope

To make the fair approve his Flame.

That can so far extend their Fame.

Verse thus design'd has no ill fate

If it arrive but at the Date

Of fading Beauty, if it prove

But as long liv'd as present love.

Sung

*Sung by Mrs. Knight, to Her Majesty on
Her Birth-day.*

THis happy day two Lights are seen,
A Glorious Saint, a Matchless Queen ;
Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' *Infanta* here:
May all those years which *Catherine*,
The Martyr did for Heav'n resign
Be added to the Line
Of your blest life amongst us here,
For all the pains that She did feel,
And all the Torments of Her Wheel:
May you as many Pleasures share ;
May Heaven it self content
With *Catherine* the Saint
Without appearing old ;
An hundred times may you,

With

With eyes as bright as now
This Welcome day behold.

To his *Worthy Friend Sir Thomas*
*Higgon*s, upon his *Translation*
of the *Venetian Triumph*.

THe winged Lions not so fierce in Fight
As *Liberi's* hand presents him to our sight,
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce
Or roar so loud as *Businello's* verse :
But your Translation does all three excel,
The Fight, the Piece, and lofty *Businel* :
As their small Gallies may not hold compare
With our tall Ships, whose Sails imploy more Aire,
So does the Italian to your Genius vaile,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale :
Thus while your Muse spreads the *Venetian* story,
You make all Europe emulate her Glory :

You

You make them blush, weak *Venice* should defend
 The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend,
 Shed Christian Blood and populous Cities raze,
 Because th' are taught to use some different Phraze :
 If listning to your Charms we could our Jars
 Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
 Our British Arms the sacred Tomb' might wrest
 From Pagan hands and Triumph o're the East,
 And then you might our own high deeds recite
 And with great *Tasso* celebrate the Fight.

Epitaph.

Here lyes *Charles Candish*, let the marble Stone
 That hides his Ashes make his virtue known.
 Beauty and valour did his short life grace,
 The Grief and Glory of his noble race :
 Early abroad he did the world survey,
 As if he knew he had not long to stay ;

upon several occasions.

23

Saw what Great *Alexander* in the East,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the West;
Then with a mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his Fame;
Where dark Confusion did the Nations hide,
And where the Juster was the weaker side.
Tow Loyal Brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Imploy'd their Wealth, their Courage and their Art;
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The younger brought his conduct and his Sword,
Born to command, a Leader he began,
And on the Rebels lasting Honour won:
The Horse instructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North;
Where *Candish* fought the Royallist prevaild,
Neither his Iudgment nor his Courage faild;
The Current of his victories found no stop,
Til *Cromwell* came, his parties chiefest prop,

Equal success had set these Champions high,
And both resolved to conquer or to dye :
Vertue with Rage, Fury with Valour strove,
But that must fall which is decreed above.
Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State,
Which the sad Issue of the War declar'd,
And made his task to ruine both less hard :
So when the bank neglected is overthrown
The Boundless Torrent doth the Country drown.
Thus fell the Young, the Lovely and the Brave,
Strow Bays and Flowers on his honoured Grave.

To the Dutcheſs of Orleans, when She
was taking leave of the Court at
Dover.

That Sun of Beauty did among us riſe,
England firſt ſaw the Light of your fair eyes;
In Engliſh too your early wit was ſhown;
Favour that Language which was then your own,
When, tho' a Child, through guards you made your
What Fleet or Army could an Angel ſtay? (way,
Thrice happy Britain! if ſhe could retain
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient main.
Our late-burnt *London* in apparel new
Shooke off her aſhes to have treated you;
But we muſt ſee our Glory ſnatcht away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty Sea:
No wind can favour us how e're it blowes,
We muſt be wreckt and our dear Treasure looſe:

R

Sighs

Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell ;
 Fair, Lovely, Great and best of Nymphs, Farewell.

*Written on a Card that Her Majesty
 tore at Ombra.*

THe Cards you tare in value rise,
 So do thè wounded by your Eyes:
 Who. to Celestial things aspire,
 Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

*To the Dutcheſs, when he presented
 this Book to Her Royal
 Highneſs.*

Madam,

I Here present you with the Rage,
 And with the Beauties of a former Age ;
 Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
 This, as we take in gazing upon you :

Thus

Thus we writ then, your brighter Eyes inspire,
A nobler Flame, and raise our Genius higher :
While we your Wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe ;
Your matchless Beauty gives our Fancy wing,
Your Iudgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not composd, as heretofore, in hast,
Polisht like Marble, shall like Marble last ;
And make you through as many Ages shine,
As *Tasso* has the Hero's of your Line :

Thô other names our wary Writers use,
You are the subject of the *Brittish* Muse,
Dilating Mischief to your self unknown,
Men write, and dye, of wounds they dare not own ;
So the bright Sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

*These Verses were writ in the Tasso
of Her Royal Highness.*

T *Assò* knew how the fairer Sex to Grace,
But in no one, durst all perfection place.
In her alone, that owns this Book, is seen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty meen;
Sophronia's Piety, *Erminia's* Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty and her youth.

Our Princess here, as in a Glass does dress
Her well taught mind, and every Grace express
More to our Wonder, than *Rinaldo* faught;
The Hero's race excells the Poets thought:

*Upon our late Loss of the Duke
of Cambridg.*

THe failing Blossoms which a young Plant bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years:
And hope is all which Art or nature brings
At the first Tryal to accomplish things.
Mankind was first Created an Essay;
That ruder Draft the Deludge washt away:
How many Ages past, what blood and toyle
Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle?
How long in vain had Nature strivd to frame
A Perfect Princess e're her Highness came?
For Joys so great we must with patience wait,
Tis the set price of happyness compleat,
As a First-fruit Heaven claim'd that Lovely Boy,
The next shall live and be the Nations Joy.

Translated out of Spanish.

THô we may seem importunate,
While your Compassion we implore,
They whom you make too Fortunate
May with presumption vex you more.

Of the Lady Mary &c.

AS once the Lion Hony gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came,
A Royal Hero no less brave
Produc'd this sweet, this Lovely Dame:
To her the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from Prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield:
Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)
Which Triumphs where the Sun does rise,

Nor

Nor all the Force he leads by Land
Could guard him from her conquering Eyes.
Orange with youth, experience has ;
In Action young, in Council old :
Orange is what *Augustus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident, and Bold,
On that fair Tree, which bears his name
Blossoms and fruit at once are found ;
In him we all admire the same,
His Flowry youth with wisdom Crown'd :
Empire and freedom Reconcil'd,
In *Holland* are by Great *Nassaw* ;
Like those he sprung from, Just and mild,
To willing People He gives Law :
Thrice Happy pair! so near Ally'd
In Royal blood, and virtue too :
Now Love has you together ty'd
May none this Triple knot undo.

The Church shall be the happy place
 Where streams which from the same source run;
 Tho' divers Lands a while they grace,
 Unite again and are made one
 A Thousand thanks the Nation owes
 To him that does Protect us all;
 For while he thus his Neece bestowes,
 About our Isle he builds a Wall;
 A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
 By th' Oracles advice of wood,
 Had theirs been such as *Charles* has made,
 That mighty State till now had stood.

*To the Servant of a fair Lady, this Copy of
 Verses being omitted in the former Edition*

Fair Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care,

Than

Than the bright Dames we serve, for her relief
(Vext with the long expressions of my grief)
Receive these plaints, nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her Train:
Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those Arrows which confound us so.
A thousand Cupids in those Curls do sit,
Those Curious Nets thy slender Fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the ball she won,
Than that young Beauty by thy care is drest
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.
You the soft season know when best her mind
May be to pitty or to love inclin'd;
In some well chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeles love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern Goddess, you (her Priest) declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair,

Rich

Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that n're decay
Or polliht lines which longer last then they :
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the Cheerful Morn dost first disclose,
 (The shadie night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'de flie to fetch such gems;
But since her Eyes, her Teeth, her lipp excels,
All that is found in Mines or fishes shels;
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but Immortal gifts her mind should please:
The shining Jewels *Greece*, and *Troy* bestow'd;
On *spartan's* Queen her lovely neck did lode,
And snowy wrists, but when the Town was burn'd:
Those fading Glories were to Ashes turn'd,
Her Beauty too had perisht and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the Flame.

Upon

*Upon the Earl of Roscommons
Translation of Horace de
Arte Poetica: And of
the use of Poetry.*

Rome was not better by her *Horace* taught
Than we are here, to comprehend his thought;
The Poet writ to Noble *Piso*, there,
A noble *Piso* do's instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile,
And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Isle;
Brittain, whose Genious is in verse exprest
Bold and sublime, but negligently drest;
Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune,
Direct us how to back the winged Horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force,

Tho

Tho Poets may of Inspiration boast.

Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost;

He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,

At once his fancy and his Judgment shoves,

Chast moral writing, we may learn from hence

Neglect of which no wit can recompence ;

The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,

That sacred stream should never water weeds,

Nor make the Crop of thorns and thistles grow

Which Envy or perverted nature sow ;

Well sounding verses are the Charm we use,

Heroick thoughts, and vertue to infuse ;

Things of deep sence we may in Prose unfold,

But they move more, in lofty numbers told ;

By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,

We learn that sound, as well as sence, perswades,

The Muse's friends unto himself severe,

With silent pity looks on all that Err ;

But

But where a brave, a publick Action shines
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines;
Whether it be in Council or in Fight,
His Countrey's Honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great Acts, he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed:

Here taught the fate of Verses, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd,
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts;
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known, what they discreetly blot.
Finding new words, that to the Ravisht Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear,
Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolisht men their wild retreats forsake,
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Bruets,
And raising Citties with their Charmings Lutes,

For

For rudeſt minds, with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muſes taught,
So wandring Bees would periſh in the Air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their Ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the ſpoil,
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summers toyl,
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And Wax, that do's the abſent Sun ſupply.

*To Mr. George Sands, on his Translation of
some parts of the Bible.*

How bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the Quire
Of Angels, who their songs admire?

What-ever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow
Courage on thee, to soar so high?

Tell

Tell me (brave friend) what help'd thee so
To shake of all Mortality?

To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd higher,
Than he who stole Celestial fire.

Chloris and Hilar, Made to a Sarabran.

Chl. **H**ilar, O Hilar, why sit we mute,
Now that each Bird salutes the Spring?
Wind up the slackned strings of thy Lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing:

For lovethy Breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'r is fair, movesthy desire.

Hil. Sweetest you know, the sweetest of things,
Of various Flowers the Bees do compose,
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Rose:

So love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

A Speech at a Conference of both Houses.

This Speech having been Printed in the First Edition, and not well Recited in Mr. Rushworth's Collections, is here exact according to the first Copy.

My Lords,

I Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice ——— which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to have read, I shall take leave (according to Custome) to say something of what I have Collected from the sense of the House of Commons, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

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Then the Charge was read, containing his Extrajudicial Opinions subscribed, and Judgment given for Ship-Money; and afterwards a Declaration in his Charge at an Assize, That Ship-Money was so inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of Parliament to take it away.

My Lords, Not only my Wants, but my Affections render me less fit for this Employment: For tho' it has not been my Happiness to have the Law a part of my Breeding, there is no Man honours that Profession more, or has a greater Reverence towards the grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them, and when a Parliament is Call'd if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe among them, Experience tells us it might run a hazard of being stiled *Parliamentum Indoctorum*: But as all Professions are

are obnoxious to the Malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betrayed; so (my Lords) these Articles have told you how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother; how these Brothers of the Coyf are become *Fratres in malo*: But this Judg (whose Charge you last heard) in one Expression of his, excels no less his Fellows, than they have done the worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Commonwealth: Of the judgment for Ship-Money, and those Extrajudicial opinions preceding the same (wherein they are jointly concerned) you have already heard: How unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so publick a Cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships, but this Man adding Dispair to our Misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a right so inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away: Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep

a Wound to the Commonwealth as any of the rest, but dipt his Dart in such a Poyson, that so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure: As by those abortive Opinions subscribing to the subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his own; so by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordships too, and to confine the Power of Parliaments, the only place where this Mischief might be redrest: Sure he is more wise and learned than to believe himself in this Opinion, as not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore no doubt but by saying, no Parliament could abolish this Judgment, his meaning was, that this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments: This Imposition of Ship-Money springing from a pretended necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Necessity inherent

to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to his Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune: For so undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the Confusion which Necessity produces; that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, *Pareamus necessitati quam nec Homines nec dii superant*: This Judg then having in his Charge at the Assize declared the dissolution of the Law, by this suppos'd Necessity, with what Conscience could he at the same Assize proceed to Condemn and Punish Men, unless perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation? That it should have power to Kill, but none to Protect us? A thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us, or the Earth serve only to Bury, and not Feed and Nourish us. But

(my Lords) to demonstrate that this was a supposititious impos'd Necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleas'd, at the last Convention in Parliament, a price was set upon it, for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence: It may be said, that so much Money would have removed the present Necessity; for twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer Necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment; here this Mystery is reveal'd, this Vizour of Necessity is pull'd off; and now it appears that this Parliament of Judges had very franckly and bountifully presented his Majesty with 12 Subsidies to be levied on your Lordships, and the Commons. Certainly there is no Priviledg which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purfs of the Subject; and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships otherwise than as your Assistants, have not only assum'd to themselves this Priviledg of Parliament,

liament, but presum'd at once to make a Present to the Crown of all that either your Lordships or the Commons of *England* do, or shall hereafter possess. And because this Man has had the boldness to put the Power of Parliament in Ballance with the Opinion of the Judges, I shall intreat your Lordships to observe, by way of Comparison, the solemn and safe Proceeding of the one, with the Precipitate dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can Pass, or old be Abrogated, till it has been thrice Read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House, and then it receives the Royal Assent; so that it is like Gold seven times Purified; whereas these Judges by this resolution of theirs, would persuade his Majesty that by naming Necessity, he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintainance of the Right and Pro-

priety of the Subject: A strange force (my Lords) in the sound of this word *Necessity*, that like a Charm it should silence the Laws, while we are dispoil'd of all we have. For that but a part of our Goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodness of the King; for so much as concerns the Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have passed Judgment upon them: This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Trust, which for the Conservation of our Laws was reposed in them. Now for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this Judgment you may please to remember, that in the old Law, they were forbid to seeth a Kid in its Mothers Milk, of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any Creature, which was intended for its preservation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greatest Glory above other Nations,

Nations, and how barbarously would these Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to wash away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Propriety we have therein, making the Supply of our Navy a pretence for the Ruine of our Nation; for observe, I beseech you, the fruit and consequence of this Judgment, how this Money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end for which they pretended to take it; on every County a Ship is annually Impos'd, and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time should be covered with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the decay of our Navy, tells us how ill Ship-Money has maintain'd the Sovereignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier* (being between four and five thousand of our Country-men) it does too evidently appear, that to make us Slaves at Home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves Abroad;

broad; so far has this Judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future Necessity, that as it changed our real Propriety into the shadow of a Propriety, so of a feigned it has made a real Necessity. A little before the approach of the *Gauls* at *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehension of that danger, there was heard a Voice in the Air, louder than ordinary, The *Gauls* are come; which Voice after they had sack'd the City, and besieged the Capital, was held so Ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigie; this Anticipation of Necessity seems to have been no less Ominous to us, these Judges like ill-boading Birds have call'd Necessity upon the State in a time when I dare say they thought themselves in greatest security: But if it seem Superstitious to take this as an Omen, sure I am, we may look on it as a cause of the unfeigned Necessity we now suffer, for what regret and discontent had this Judgment bred among us? And as when the Noise and Tumult in a
private

private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of the Domestick Strife ; so in all likelihood our known discontents at Home have been a concurrent cause to invite our Neighbors to visit us so much to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdoms. And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the sad effects of this Oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the ancient Reputation and Valour of the *English* Nation : And no wonder, for if it be true that Oppression makes a Wise Man mad, it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant : The same happened to the *Romans*, when for Renown in Arms they most excell'd the rest of the World ; the Story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (and I think the chief Troublers of our State may make up that number). The *Decemviri*, my Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grievance

vance both to the Nobility and People) had for some Years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament ; this says the Historian, did not only deject the *Romans* and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valued by their Neighbors : The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them ; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long-desired Senate whereof the People were so glad, that *Hostibus, Belloque gratiam habuerunt* : This Assembly breaks up in discontent, nevertheless the War proceeds, Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field : I know your Lordships expect the event : My Authors words of his Countrymen are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vincisse patiebantur* : They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, than by Victory to confirm the tyranny of their new Masters : At their return from this unfortunate Expedition after some Distempers and Expostulations

tions of the People, another Senate, that is a second Parliament is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are questioned, deprived of their Authority, Imprisoned, Banished, and some lose their Lives; and soon after this Vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better success made it appear to the World, that liberty and courage dwells always in the same Brest, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited People; 'tis not the restitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the restauration of our ancient Courage which is expected from your Lordships: I need not say any thing to move your just Indignation, that this Man should so cheaply give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much Courage and Industry had so long maintain'd: You have often been told how careful they were, though with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to Posterity, as they received them from their Fathers,

Fathers, what they did with Labour you may do with Ease, what they did with danger you may do securely : The Foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War, they are only blasted with the breath of these Men, and by your Breath they may be restored. What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what Punishments their Predecessors have suffer'd for Offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those Precedents: Only, my Lords, something I shall take leave to observe of the Person with whose Charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his Offence. His Education in the Inns of Court, his constant practice as a Councillor, and his experience as a Judge (considered with the Mischief he has done) makes it appear that this progress of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent spie through a Country, into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

To

To let you see he did not offend for Company, there is one Crime so peculiar to himself, and of such Malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships Favour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the Right and Property of the Subject. For if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Laws, has he not already declared his Opinion, that your Votes, and Resolutions against Ship-Money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to abolish that Judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus plaid with the Power of Parliament, we may well apply what was said to the Goat brouſing on the Vine :

*Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis
ad aras,*

In tua quod fundi Cornua paſſit, erit asila

He has cropt and infringed the Priviledges of a Banish'd Parliament, but now it is return'd, he may find it has Power enough
to

to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better Establishment of our Laws; and in truth, what other satisfaction can he make to his injured Country, then to confirm by his example those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion? For the Proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition: His Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from several Seats of Judicature, proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur*. To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes, of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships that as speedy a Proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice — as the Course of Parliaments will permit.

A Poem